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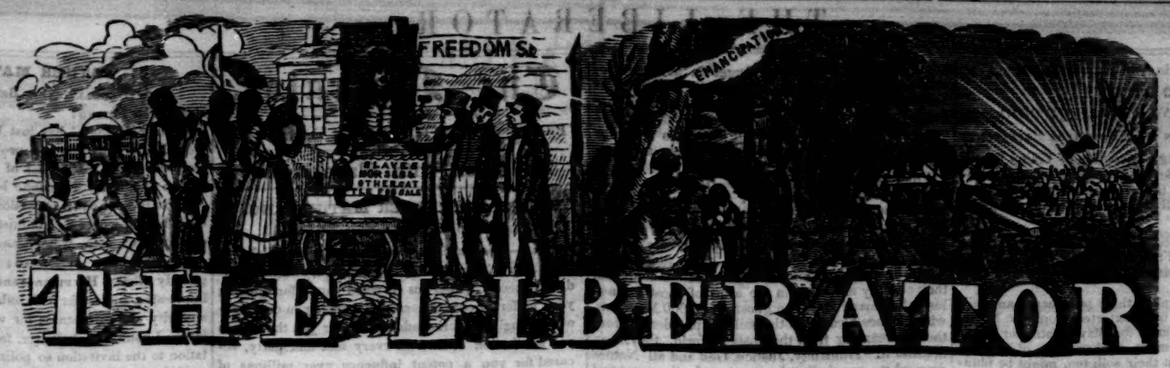

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ 'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandize, under the name of persons. . . . Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is, to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and hereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR. OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

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Refuge of Oppression.

JAMES K. POLK.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1849.

WM. LOYD GARRISON, Esq.:

SIR—A friend has just called my attention to your paper of July 27, containing a communication in reference to my letters to you. I must admit I did not expect any thing of the kind. I *did* expect that you would open your artillery upon me, yet had no idea that your 'little pistols' would have been brought into action. Your correspondent reminds me of a sea-snail, which remains concealed in its shell, lest its species might be known. 'Old Colony' is either ashamed of his name, or lacks the moral courage to put it to paper, in making a personal attack. I must confess myself amused at the artful *tirade* of a 'thing unknown.' His estimation of the character of Mr. Polk could not pluck a single laurel from his (Polk's) fame, in the opinion of unbiased and truly sensible men; and it is gratifying to know, that in our country (and it is a glorious country, the opinion of 'Old Colony' to the contrary notwithstanding,) there are many such men. If sustaining the national honor of this our favored land, must attach infamy and disgrace to the Executive, then may they all retire dishonored and disgraced; and each succeeding generation reap, in ample harvest, the curses they heaped upon them; and my life on it, the star-spangled banner shall float o'er every sea, the spirit-guard of freedom, the death-knell to monarchy. The patriotism of 'Old Colony' is, indeed, *unmeasurable*; or, indeed, more properly, he has no such *vice*. It may be consoling to him to know that, thus far, he has *one* sin less than Mr. Polk. I repeat, that my connections are respectable, and feel assured that an alliance (though none exists) with the family of the late President, could not in any way affect me. I am thankful that it has been my privilege to defend the character of Mr. Polk from the attacks of the venomous things who have indulged in the vain attempts. The title 'American' is the proudest and noblest in the world; and he who would blush to bear it is beneath the dignity of the Russian peasant, who bows, in dog-like submission, at the feet of the imperial tyrant. 'Old Colony' has shown himself 'good at guessing' in discovering my motto and creed; and any '*infamy*' which shall attach itself to my name as the result of either, I am perfectly content to bear. But in the event of my position being correct, 'Old Colony' has nothing to fear, as it would be next to impossible to encumber his *name*. I would extend our institutions over a space as boundless as the sky, that all mankind might be benefitted by them. I would sustain my country in what cause soever, whether it be 'right or wrong.' In conclusion, I beg to assure you, that any attempt to detract aught from the character of Mr. Polk will prove vain and fruitless. If your sentiments are approved in Massachusetts, (which I do not believe,) 'the very head and front of your offending hath this extent, no more.'

JAMES G. GIBSON, JR.

From the (Ohio) Homestead Journal.

THE BERLIN CONVENTION.

Upon our entrance into the tent, some two of three hundred people were present, who were mostly engaged in conversation. A rude table made of rough boards, and spread with numerous fancy articles, having the appearance of the 'old curiosity shop,' stood in the back part of the pavilion, around which quite a number of ladies were engaged in selling the various articles, the proceeds of which, we understand, went into the treasury of the Anti-Slavery Society.

The meeting was soon organized by the appointment of a Chairman and Secretaries *pro tem.* After the appointment of several committees, letters were read from persons who had been invited to be present; amongst others, one from the Hon. J. R. Giddings. This closed the first day's proceedings.

The next morning brought a considerable reinforcement to those who were there the previous day, though the audience was yet quite small, considering the tremendous efforts that had been put forth to secure the attendance of a large crowd; and it was evidently much smaller than the leaders had anticipated. They appeared evidently much vexed at this. They had called a State Convention of the Young People of Ohio, who were opposed to slavery. They had given some two months notice of it, and had circulated the information far and wide. But the mass of the anti-slavery young men and women of Ohio were not there. As a great State Mass Convention, it was a total failure. What was the reason? At the risk of being deemed obtrusive, we will venture an answer to this somewhat mooted question. The Call for the Convention, it is true, invited *all* the young people who were opposed to slavery. But the names signed to that Call were all those of persons who either belonged to, or sympathized with the Disunion Society. Although it was sought to divest the movement of a party character in the outset, yet it became plainly visible to every one, long before the Convention met, that the Disunionists had assumed the entire control of it, and would mould it to suit their own wishes; and furthermore, that the pretence that it was to be a Convention of the anti-slavery young people of Ohio, without distinction of party, was a mere *ruse* to get a large crowd together. But the plan did not work well. There was not a corporal's guard present from any great distance, except Disunionists, and hence it was emphatically a Disunion State Convention, and 'nothing else.'

Oliver Johnson, of the Bugle, was elected Chairman, and the usual number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries was appointed. The business committee then brought forward a batch of those 'same old' resolutions, with a few words altered to suit the time and place, and the same automaton-like formality was gone through in discussing and voting upon them. It is unnecessary to notice all that was said. Scores of speeches were made, all in the same old strain—each speaker mounting his rostrum, firing off his popgun squib against the church and the government, and taking his seat with an air of the most perfect self-satisfaction. We noticed, however, that the Free Soilers came in for more than the usual share of slang and vituperation; but this we attributed to the chagrin the Disunion leaders felt at being disappointed in not securing the co-operation of the former in getting up the Convention. The Free Soil party was denounced as being the most hypocritical party in the country—its members were called perjured villains, liars, murderers, &c., who were teaching the worst system of morality ever taught by any party in any age of the world.

One idea was broached on the last day, which struck us as being a new one. It was a proposition for forming a great Northern non-slaveholding Disunion Republic. This will certainly exonerate our friends from the charge frequently brought against them, of wishing to *tear down* all existing institutions, without proposing to *build up* any thing anew. Sentiments were expressed favorable to calling a Convention to consider the matter, and a committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the North on this subject. A Northern Republic! this is certainly something new under the sun. It may be interesting to the political antiquarian, years hence to trace out the exact difference in devotion to correct principles, between the two sections of country thus sought to be divided, at the time the proposition for the division was first made. It might be interesting to after ages to learn how it was that the lords of the loom became too conscientious to associate with the lords of the lash. It may also be interesting to the moralist of future generations to show how much worse it is for the Southern slaveholder to administer the cat-o'-nine tails to the bare back of his chattel slave, to exact from him labor which is not due, than it is for the Northern factory lord to turn his female wages slave into the streets of a large city, with the damps of death upon her brow, and no friend in the world to give her consolation, or perform the last sacred rites of the dead. Future generations will also wonder why it was that these philanthropists never even proposed to give the slave a Home, and invest him with all the privileges of the freeman, when it could have been done with the same amount of labor that was requisite to secure his manumission papers.

But to conclude. We have no doubt that Mr. Calhoun and his party will readily fall in with this project for forming a Northern Confederacy. A proposition was advocated by him last winter for forming a Southern Confederacy, and he and his friends even went so far as to name the place for the capital of the new Confederacy. Have our Northern Republicans decided on the place for their capital? if not, we would suggest Boston as the city, and No. 21 Cornhill, as the Capitol building, as the precise spot where all these brilliant ideas of government are manufactured is certainly entitled to distinguished consideration in deciding the question.

From the Charleston Mercury.

MORE ABOLITIONISM.

By the following letter from an esteemed correspondent, it will be perceived that the abolitionists are still active in their incendiary efforts:—

PENDLETON, Sept. 16, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:

By the mail of Friday, there were received, at this place, a number of copies of an abolition circular, directed to the members of the Committee of Vigilance. The Executive Committee of that body, on the following day, demanded the letters of the postmaster. On his refusal to deliver them, they entered his office, and took them by force. This case presents a new feature of an important matter, which is deeply agitating the public mind. Among the reforms which our enemies hope to accomplish, in this State, it will not escape your notice, that the election of President of the United States occupies a prominent position.

It need scarcely be remarked, that the war, which the fanatics of the North are so perseveringly waging against the peace and security of the South cannot much longer be carried on only by one party. An offensive attitude by the other it will be impossible to restrain the people from assuming.

Respectfully yours, S.

From the Pendleton Messenger.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AND THE POST OFFICE.

We had quite a stir in our village on Friday last, when the Southern mail was delivered. As is usual on that day, a large number of gentlemen from the country were in attendance, waiting for their letters and papers. Col. William Sloan was among the first to receive his, and upon examination, he found a printed document, post marked Boston, mailed as a letter, charged with ten cents postage, signed Junius, and addressed to the Hon. John C. Calhoun, of the most malicious, offensive and insulting character to the Southern people. This document was read by Colonel Sloan aloud, and it produced much excitement among the persons assembled. A call was made upon the postmaster to know if there were any others in the office, to which he replied that there were thirty-eight in all. The Executive Committee of Vigilance and Safety immediately assembled to take action in the matter, and as the excitement was very great, they concluded that it would be better to hold the course to be pursued under consideration until the next morning. It was proposed by gentlemen present, that they would take charge of the person of the postmaster until the committee obtained possession of the papers, but this was declined, as the committee wished to avoid violence. The next morning, the Committee assembled at the office, and made a demand for the letters. The postmaster refused to give them up, except to those to whom they were addressed, and upon the payment of the postage, and urged his duties as an officer of the general government. The Committee told him they were determined to have the papers, peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must, and that resistance would be in vain. They then entered the office, shoved the postmaster aside, and took possession of them; and now have them under lock and key, where they will remain until the meeting of the Committee of Vigilance and Safety, on the 29th inst. What course the Committee will recommend to be adopted to meet this new mode of assaulting the people of the South, we cannot say, but of one thing we are certain, and that is, the most energetic means will be resorted to.

It would be much more agreeable to us if Mr. Collamer would take the same view of the law that was taken by a former Postmaster General, and keep these incendiary papers out of his mails; but we suppose his abolition feelings warp his judgment. Be this as it may, he may be assured of one thing, and that is, that *his department is powerless in South Carolina.* No government or law ever was enforced in a free country, which was not sustained by public opinion. The Post Office Department, since the advent of the present administration, has been an annoyance and a curse to the people of this State; and the Government at Washington may look for higher and stronger measures from them, unless it interferes to protect us from the assaults to which we are daily subjected.

From the Northern (N. Y.) Journal.

FATHER MATHEW AND THE BOSTON ABOLITIONISTS.

We notice with feelings of mortification, that some of the leading abolitionists of Boston have been endeavoring to enlist the Irish Apostle of Temperance in their cause, and coerce him to commit himself so broadly on the subject of slavery, as to be satisfactory to them that he is with them. This Father Mathew very properly declines, and for his 'apostacy to liberty and the slave,' he is bitterly denounced by the ultra abolitionists of the Boston school.

We presume nothing of ours could possibly tend to the enlightenment or edification of Mr. Garrison and his sympathizers. Notwithstanding, we must protest against this abuse of moral right in the person of Father Mathew.

The great Irish leader has one distinct object in view. He sees, and sees truly, that intemperance and its concomitants curse the Irish people with a slavery no whit less relieved in its odiousness or ruinous consequences, than is the slavery of the South, or the political bondage imposed by the British power. Viewing this slavery, moreover, as a moral and spiritual curse, as well as a social evil,—under a sense of its magnitude and its disasters,—and, withal, that it is *self-imposed*,—he has, in the spirit of a genuine reformer, devoted his life and talents to the overthrow of that moral slavery.

Enlisting the sympathies of his own countrymen in this land, but far more, those of the American people who desire this reform, he, at last visits our shores, to labor in his legitimate field. Looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but right forward, at the Pole Star of what he conceives to be his mission in the world, he aims to devote all his labors to that grand end he has in view. Sidelong departures from the path of duty, frequent interruptions and engagements in other good works, would so cripple his labor and engage his time, that he could not perform his true work. If the friends of anti-slavery can have the benefit of his services, why not the friends of missions? or the Sunday School? or the Prison Reform Associations? or the Anti-Capital Punishment Society? or the Seaman's Friend Society? and a hundred others? But Father Mathew would be justified in refusing to co-operate in these labors, were he asked so to do, for the satisfactory reasons we have given. But the friends of these reforms and enterprises have a more impartial and just sense of the nature of his work, than the abolitionists are willing to entertain.

But another reason is of obvious importance and prominence. Father Mathew is a stranger, only a few days in our country. This question having become an issue between two vast sections of the Union, and the issue between political parties, it would be extremely unwise in him to take sides with either. He is perfectly aware of his position, and wisely avoids intermeddling with a question which, however deeply he may sympathize with the slave, is so full of difficulties. Abolitionists, then, do him a singular injustice, as well as an injury to the noble cause he advocates, besides reaping no benefit to themselves, by seeking to entangle him in a partizanship, which, more than all others combined, would cripple his efforts and defeat his work.

The object undoubtedly is to make capital out of him. It is desirable that he should side with them, and be made a lion—of course, his mantle would *not* fall on them, merely because they kept his company. Conscious of his devotion to the principles of liberty, with his signature to the written and published appeal to his countrymen in America, some four years ago, immediately upon his arrival, he must enter the abolition crusade, or be denounced as a traitor, a renegade, a recreant, and a hypocrite. One man who took the pledge from him, afterwards questioned him on the slavery topic, and because Father Mathew, unwilling to entangle himself, made some evasive replies, which were tortured into falsehood and self-contradiction, he is visited with more vindictiveness and spleen than any decent man or men should even think of in connection with the honored name.

☞ We think that man must be shameless, who would thus abuse the self-denying laborer.

We trust Father Mathew will go on as he has begun, and so move that he will find no obstruction in his path in any part of the land. When he shall have finished his work, it will be time for him to enlist in other moral or political reforms.

We claim for Father Mathew a single field of labor as well as for abolitionists. They make slavery the *only* thing. There is scarcely an evil, moral, social, or political, which they do not discover to be an offspring of slavery. Hence they make that their *one* field of labor. Neither one nor all of other reforms can have *their* aid—why, then, not let laborers in other fields attend to their legitimate work?

Being ourself an *original* abolitionist, and antedating the movements of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, with a perfect recollection of the day and of our emotions when we opened and read the first number of 'The Liberator,' by Garrison & Knapp, published on the first of January, 1831, and sympathizing with him until the division in the anti-slavery ranks in May, 1840, we should like to give their course a thorough, impartial investigation, had we the space, or did we think it would be acceptable to our readers. We, however, most heartily censure the course they are pursuing.

GARRISONISM.

This century has presented another striking exhibition of the fatal results of a religion of humanity. We refer to that singular medley which goes under the general name of *Garrisonism*—liveliest extant realization of Milton's 'Paradise of fools.' It originated as an application of Christianity to the evil of slavery. But the scion took to itself the whole growth of the tree. Christianity grew into anti-slavery. Here was a most intense realization of the religion of humanity. This, also, has issued in infidelity. It has opened a perfect Pandora's box of errors and mischiefs; and what is remarkable, yet perfectly natural, this religion, which began as a philanthropy, has issued in a hatred of man, and a bitter abusiveness, such as the world never saw surpassed. Thus, as a religion of godliness without humanity does presently undermine all love to God, so a religion of humanity without godliness is likely to run presently into a hatred of man.

Such are the disastrous results, actually realized in the history of the world, of separating the godliness and the humanity of religion. Whichever is made preponderant, whichever is disregarded, though the process be different, the result is in either case corruption and infidelity.—*New Englander.*

Selections.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

TO REV. WM. ALLEN, D. D., *Northampton, U. S.*

SIR: I should not address you through a public journal, had you not taken advantage of the few moments allowed you to speak at the breakfast given on the 27th ult. at Versailles, by the English to the American delegates, to apologize for American slavery. I would have replied to you at the time, had I had an opportunity of doing so; but as I could not do so then, this seems to be the only way in which I can reach the ear of those who heard you on that occasion; and as your speech has been published in many of the London papers, I am the more anxious that some reply should be made. In your speech you said, 'Slavery was alluded to in the Peace Congress; and I am sorry that many of our English brethren in Europe do not understand that our general government in America has nothing to do with slavery, and has no power or authority over it. The responsibility of slavery belongs to the slave States only. We in the free States have abolished that institution.'

No, Sir! If you know any thing about the government of the United States, you must know that no institution has received so much protection at the hands of the government as that of *chattel slavery.*

'You must be aware that the Florida war, which lasted six years, and cost the nation a vast expenditure of blood, and sixty millions of dollars, was waged at the instance of the slaveholders, for the purpose of recovering a few hundred slaves, who had taken refuge among these generous and hospitable savages. You must know, that whatever may have been the pretence for the unrighteous and costly war lately concluded between Mexico and the United States, it never would have been if Mexico had not abolished slavery, and that it has resulted in depriving that country of a vast portion of her territory, into which the slaveholders are now extending what they call their 'peculiar institution,' the 'best cornerstone of republican institutions'—that is, slavery and the slave trade. The District of Columbia, which is entirely under the control of the United States Congress, has upon its statute books some of the most barbarous laws that can be found against the colored people in the United States. One of its enactments is, that if any colored person shall be convicted of arson, he shall be hung by the neck until he is dead, and the head severed from the body, and the body quartered, and each quarter put up in some public place in the District where such act was committed. Another is, that if any free colored person visits the capital of the United States without free papers, or in company with some white man, by whom he can prove his freedom, he is to be imprisoned a certain length of time, and then to be sold to the highest bidder, and the money to be paid into the United States treasury. The Marshal of the District, in his report to Congress, in 1836, stated that he had sold thirteen colored persons within the five preceding years, and that seven out of the thirteen had proved that they were free, but that they were unable to pay their jail fees. A mother and her daughter were sold so lately as the 3d of July, 1847, and the money paid into the treasury of the United States. And since you left America, the following advertisement has made its appearance in the *National Intelligencer*, the organ of the government at Washington:—

'NOTICE.—Was committed to the jail in Washington Co., D. C., on the 10th of May, 1849, as a runaway, a negro man calling himself Edward Brooks. He is of a dark color, with whiskers under his chin, about 30 years old, five feet six and a half inches high, has a scar on the side of the fore finger on the left hand; had on when committed, a dark cloth frock coat, black bombazine vest, striped cassinet pantaloons, and a fur cap. He says he is free, and was born in this city. He says he has been absent from this city fifteen or sixteen years, and that before he left here, he was known to Samuel Redfern, James Eslin, and Richard Butt; and in Richmond, Va. by James Evans, Esq., and by D. Carter, clerk in the Bank of Virginia, and has a pass purporting to be from him, stating that he is free, and has lost his papers.

The owner or owners, if any, of the above-described negro man, are hereby requested to come forward, prove him, and take him away.

THOMAS A. HAWKE, *for*
R. WALLACE, Marshal D. C.'

There is a law in the District of Columbia, made by Congress, that grants to any person who may wish for it, for the sum of 400 dollars per annum, the right to trade in human flesh under the very eyes of the Capitol. The law, passed by the Congress of 1793, guarantees to the slaveholders the right of pursuing the fugitive slave into any of the so-called free States, and if he can catch him, to drag him back into bondage. And any one who feeds such slave while trying to make his escape, shall, upon conviction, pay a fine of 500 dollars and the cost of prosecution. I refer you to the case of Thomas Garrett, of the State of Delaware, who so recently as last autumn was fined four thousand five hundred dollars for feeding a family, who were making their escape from slavery. And lastly, after I had made up my mind to visit England, France, and probably other parts of the continent, I applied to the Secretary of State, the Hon. John M. Clayton, for a passport. I received no reply, but the following soon made its appearance in the newspapers, which told me too plainly that I could receive no protection from the United States government:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 9, 1849.

EDWARD HURST, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.:

SIR—Your letter of the 7th instant, soliciting for Henry Hambleton, colored man, a passport or protection, is received, and in reply I have to inform you, that passports are not granted by this Department to persons of color, and that protections are only given to them when they are in the service of diplomatic agents, &c. of the United States, going abroad.

Hambleton's certificate of nativity is herewith returned.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your ob't serv't,
JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Thus you will see, that I could not even get what the Hon. Secretary calls a protection, unless I was coming to Europe as the boot-black of some agent of the United States government.

Now, Sir, all this cannot be new to you; you must have known some of this when you declared in your speech that the government of the United States had nothing to do with slavery.

But as ignorant as you supposed the people of Europe to be upon the subject of American slavery, I think that the disapprobation with which your remarks were received by the entire audience—Americans included—must have satisfied you that you could not make such declarations in their presence with impunity. No one regretted more than I did that a single American could be found in the Peace Congress willing to apologize for American slavery, and that one a native of the State of Massachusetts, where the efforts of American abolitionists have been most nobly manifested. The cause of the American slave has more to fear from those who come to this country from the free States of America, than from any other class of persons who visit Europe. It is really remarkable that clergymen especially, with but few exceptions, throw the entire weight of their influence in favor of slavery as soon as they reach this country. Are they then really the ministers of Jesus Christ, who so darken the doctrine that he taught? As an American slave, identified as I am with the millions that are clanking their chains in the Southern States of America, I could not allow your declarations to go forth to the public without at least making an effort to counteract their influence.

I remain, the friend to truth and humanity,
W. WELLS BROWN,
An American Delegate of the Peace Congress.
22 Cecil street, Strand, London, Sept. 2, 1849.

WILL SLAVES GO TO CALIFORNIA?

The National Era thus collects, from various sources, an answer to this important question:

A letter, published not long since in the Newark, (N. J.) Advertiser, from a resident of San Francisco, mentions the fact of a purchase, by a Rhode Islander from an Oregon man, of a negro woman and child, for $1900.

L. W. Boggs, formerly Governor of Missouri, now a resident in California, in a late letter to a friend in Missouri, writes:—

'In connection let me say, if your sons will bring out two or three negroes, who can cook and attend at a hotel, your brother will pay cash for them, at a good profit, and take it as a great favor.'

The late publisher of the Belfast, (Me.) Journal, on his way to California, twenty miles west of Independence, Missouri, writes that he has 'already seen as many as a dozen teams, going out with *their families of slaves.*'

A San Francisco letter from a New Yorker, written in April last, says—'Good boys that a man can hire cheap are wanted. A good negro would do well. If I could buy a good slave South, it would be a good thing, if I could keep him.'

The Fort Smith, (Ark.) Herald tells us that Col. Bonner's party, which arrived at that post recently, on their way to California, was accompanied by six slaves.

We stated, some months ago, that emigrants passing through this place were carrying slaves with them to San Francisco; and we have had information from authentic sources, of several cases in which slaves have been taken by Southern adventurers over land.

E. Gould Buffum, son of Arnold Buffum, of New York, who was a lieutenant in Col. Stevenson's regiment, and is now a member of the District Legislature of San Francisco, writes June 17th:

'The South has already sent her emissaries here to work among us for the introduction of the darling institution of slavery.'

The Missouri Jeffersonian of the 29th ultimo says:

'The idea that slave property cannot be sufficiently profitable to permit negroes to be taken to California, is turning out to be untrue. A negro woman and her child sold at San Francisco lately for $1900. So scarce are servants, that the services of this slave are worth $150 per month. We can see, also, that if slaves were employed in the *placers*, where nothing but mere physical labor is required, that our field hands could make a thousand fold more for us than in Mississippi,—and even in the field, in California, their value would be increased sufficiently to render their exportation a matter of interest to us.'

The Nashville Union, edited by Mr. Nicholson, says—

'Now, what are the facts in regard to slavery in California? It (slavery) exists there, and it cannot be excluded as long as it remains a territory of the United States, if the South will stand firm and united. The last accounts received from California state that slavery is recognized there, and that good servants command a very high price. What interest, then, have slaveholders in that country, and in preventing the application of the Wilmot Proviso to it! This is a question in which they are deeply interested, and which demands their careful consideration. It is true, the agricultural products of that country are not adapted to slave labor, and it was therefore thought, before its mineral wealth was discovered, that slavery would never flourish in California. But recent events have shown that slave labor can be employed more profitably in mining in California and New Mexico, than it can possibly be in any portion of the United States. Here is a vast field opened to the wealth and labor of the South, which, if improved, promises a rich harvest. These mines are of vast and inexhaustible extent, and after the enthusiasm and excitement attendant upon their discovery have passed away, white laborers will be found inadequate to the task of working the mines, (which is known to be the severest labor in the world,) and if not prevented by the passage of the Wilmot Proviso, they will be superseded by slave laborers; and thus an extensive demand will be created for slave labor, the surplus of which is now crushing the Southern States.'

CITIZENSHIP OF COLORED PERSONS.

To the Editor of the Atlas:

I saw in your paper of to-day the following statement:—'Colored persons, in the eye of the law, and by the decisions of our courts, are not citizens, and therefore it is that passports are not given to them, and that protections are.' This statement I think incorrect, and I wish to give some of the reasons for so thinking.

The word *citizen* is used with great latitude; but I shall take it in its most restricted sense, as meaning a person 'who has the privilege of exercising the elective franchise, or the qualifications which enable him to vote for rulers, and to purchase and hold real estate.' This is the definition of Webster, but is too narrow for general legal purposes. In Greece, a citizen was defined by Aristotle to be 'one who shared in the legislative and judicial power.' In Rome, however, says Savigny, 'there were two classes of citizens, one that had, and the other that had not a share in the sovereign power. That which peculiarly distinguished the higher class was the right to vote in the tribe, and the capacity of enjoying magistracies.' [*Hist. of R. L. &c. c. 2, p. 22.*] Citizenship existed in Rome, therefore, without suffrage. And so in the case of the Formaini [*Livy, l. 38, c. 36,*] and the people of Anagnia, [*Livy, l. 9, c. 43,*] a citizen shared all civil rights, but not necessarily political power.

But in the United States, colored persons share all civil rights and all political power, and therefore are citizens by the strictest definition. This I shall show.

The Constitution of Massachusetts, adopted in 1780, made colored persons citizens of the State; and in accordance with it, they have been so held in the eye of the law and by the decisions of our Courts ever since. Our Constitution allows none but citizens to vote; and yet negroes have voted in this State time out of mind, for all State and national officers, and nobody has doubted the right. In the unanimous opinion, therefore, of our people, negroes—'colored persons'—are citizens. There is no 'legislative nor judicial power,' known to us, that the colored man does not legally share. Colored persons are Justices of the Peace, authorised to sit in judgment on Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Foote, should either of them come within their jurisdiction. We have no law, nor is there any decision of any of our Courts, that deprives the negro of any right allowed the white man.

Therefore colored men are, and from 1780 have been, full citizens of Massachusetts, in every legal sense.

In 1787 the Constitution of the United States was adopted by 'the people of the United States.'

Colored persons in Massachusetts could legally vote for the delegates that framed that Constitution, and could vote for its adoption, and could therefore legally be part of that 'We, the People of the United States' that ordained and established the Constitution. The legal presumption is, that a voter exercises his right, and hence that colored persons exercised theirs, and thus became citizens at the adoption of the Constitution.

Against this presumption there is no law of the United States, nor any decision of any one of the national Courts. And the refusal of the Secretary of State to grant passports to colored persons is not supported by any law whatever. It rests entirely on the usage of the department, and is a custom that would be 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.'

In the State of Rhode Island, nobody has ever doubted that the expression, 'every male citizen of the United States,' used in their Constitution, Art. 2, Sec. 2, included colored persons. Colored persons vote there by the force of that expression alone. If colored persons are citizens of the United States in Rhode Island, they ought to be so at Washington.

Colored persons are called citizens in the Constitution and laws of New York, and are capable of being freeholders there, and entitled to vote. See *Cons. of N. Y., Art. 2; N. Y. St. vol. 1, p. 126, sec. 2.* Are not citizens of New York citizens of the United States?

'Citizens,' says Chancellor Kent, 'under our Constitutions and laws, mean free inhabitants, born within the United States, or naturalized, under the law of Congress. If a slave born in the United States be manumitted, or otherwise legally discharged from bondage, or if a black man be born within the United States, and born free, he becomes thenceforward a citizen.' 2 *Kent's Com.* 258. The disabilities under which some of the States place the free blacks do not, in the learned commentator's opinion, make them any the less citizens. They are citizens, 'but under such disabilities as the laws of the States respectively deem it expedient to prescribe to free persons of color'—*Ib.* Chancellor Kent's opinion, expressed on the page cited, was most grossly misstated by a correspondent of your paper a few days since.

There have been decisions in the courts of some States opposed to this doctrine. But nearly all those decisions are in support of local legislation, and are of doubtful authority. The case of the State of Connecticut vs. Crandell, determined by Ch. J. Daggett, has never been considered by the profession a respectable opinion. That case was carried to the Supreme Court of Errors, where it went off on another point, and the question of citizenship was left unsettled. The others are chiefly in slaveholding States, and made to support slavery.

There is no statute of the United States that determines who are citizens; and the question is dependant on general principles of right. But in some instances, white citizens are spoken of in statutes in a manner highly improper, were there no others who would necessarily be colored citizens. Thus in Stat. (U. S.) 1792, 1, ch. 43, sec. 1, is the expression, 'Each and every free, able-bodied, white male citizen.' Now a word is not presumed to be used in a law unnecessarily. And if 'white' was needed in the place cited, it must be because, in the opinion of the Congress that passed the law, there were *colored citizens*—those not white.

But I will not protract a discussion in support of an opinion that has not been doubted before in this State for nearly seventy years. To say *hic niger est*, in ancient times, was to call a man a rogue. Nowadays it seems to mean one who is denied citizenship. I fear the moderns.

Sept. 7, 1849. JUS CIVITATIS.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE COLORED MEN OF CONNECTICUT,

From the State Convention held at New Haven, Sept. 12th and 13th, 1849.

BRETHREN: It is unnecessary to set forth before your minds the particulars of our political condition in the State of Connecticut. We are wronged; and our wrongs are matter of daily and humiliating experience. We are disfranchised. Our manhood and citizenship are thus assailed at a vital point. And this was done by the authority of the State. When freemen, irrespective of color, had enjoyed on equal terms the elective franchise for one hundred and fifty years, under the charter of a King, a line was drawn proscriptive, unnatural and unjust, under a republican State Constitution. But no authority can sanctify injustice and oppression. The drapery of the law cannot conceal their monstrous forms, nor shield them from the darts of truth. Thirty years have we been disfranchised. But our disfranchisement, odious enough in itself, is the prolific source of other forms of proscription. It is a monster that multiplies itself upon us in each new form increasingly repulsive, obtruding in our very path of enterprise, knowledge, virtue, and religion, until many have turned backward in despair from all the high ways of progress. Two years ago, when Justice uttered her voice throughout Connecticut, and Liberty held her rendezvous in every town, but five thousand heeded the cry, and rallied to the standard.

What then? shall we despair? shall we cease all efforts? shall we heed those who discouragingly say, 'You can accomplish nothing'—'It will do no good'? A moment's consideration, and every one must be convinced, that hopelessly to yield the struggle is an unwise and ruinous course. 'It is an eternal law of God, that whosoever abandoneth himself, will the Lord forsake.' They are false to nature, blind to duty, treacherous to the interests of the present, and unmindful of coming generations, who advise us to bear unresistingly the burthen of oppression.

It is no doubtful right for which we contend. It lies at the foundation of our republican government. The doctrine is prominently set forth in our country's Constitution, that 'all just governments derive their powers from the consent of the governed.' The People are the recognized source of power. This is the distinctive feature both of our national and State governments. But the foundation is overthrown, if the expression of choice or consent is trammelled, or suppressed, by prohibitory enactments. There are exceptions to the general law, as in the case of women, minors, aliens, criminals, the insane, and idiots. These classes do not participate directly by vote in the affairs of the government. To mention their names is to suggest a reason. But why are native born colored men, innocent of disaffection toward, or crime against, the Commonwealth, debarred the rights of citizenship?

In casting about to ascertain a reason for our disfranchisement, we discover wherein we may justly lay at the door of the people of Connecticut, the charge of ingratitude in addition to that of injustice. Let us review the history of the State. Let us consider the position and numbers of its colored population at critical periods, from the time of the Dutch and Indian troubles in 1653, to the fight at Stonington Borough, in 1814. Have we not always been eminently loyal and true citizens, and that too in the face of the strongest incentives to disaffection?

In the war of the Revolution, there were seven thousand of our people in Connecticut, chiefly held in degrading servitude. When the war-note was every where heard, when the roar of the British Lion filled many hearts with trembling and dismay, many *whites* turned over to the enemy, following their fears, or dazzled by the seductive glitter of British gold. But is the page of history sullied with the name of any black traitor, tory, or coward? Yet these were the times that tried men's *souls.* Once only were they subjects of suspicion, and then a thorough scrutiny proved the suspicion base and groundless. More than this, our virtues were not negative ones only. Colored men, freed and bound, sprang into the front ranks of freedom's hosts, yielding with a noble enthusiasm their hardy frames to the toils, exposures and dangers of war, giving the first practical and glorious exhibition of the now popular motto, '*Our Country, right or wrong!*' Could a grateful people forget such services? Or having them fresh in their memories, would they inflict so deep a wrong upon the sons of these departed patriots, as to deprive them of all participancy in a government whose foundation stone was hewn out by their toils, securely laid amid their prayers, and consecrated by the outpouring of their blood? Nay, would they not revert to times anterior to these, and exclaim in the language of the noble Ellsworth—'We owe a debt to the colored population of this country, which we can never pay—no, *never, never*, unless we can call back oceans of tears, and all the groans and agonies of the middle passage, and the thousands and millions whom we have sent and are sending, ignorant, debased, and undone, into eternity!'

The question recurs, brethren, what shall we do? We are convinced it will not do to yield to despair. There is no course of 'masterly inactivity' profitable or practicable to us in this extremity. Something must be done more effective than bewailing our lot in each other's ears. The conviction of these truths led to the issuing of the call, and finally to the holding of the Convention from which this address emanates, a Convention characterized in an eminent degree by a spirit of harmony, unanimity and enthusiasm. Among the measures advocated there, that of training our youth in the practice of the mechanic arts, met with much favor. This measure strongly commends itself to us as looking to the abandonment of those menial and servile employments, which were the unavoidable lot of the past generations.

The acquisition of property in the soil, homesteads, farms, and the pursuit of agriculture, are measures deserving of serious consideration, as inducing habits of industry and economy. It is easily perceived that their adoption, to any considerable extent, must secure comfort, open the way to competence, and result in stability and independence of character.

The deep injuries we have inflicted on ourselves by partaking of the deadly intoxicating draught were not there forgotten. Our clergymen are called upon to bring the hallowed influences of religion to bear upon this subject, so thoroughly connected with all our hopes and aspirations. Every man should be careful to maintain a proper degree of self-respect, as an infallible method of commanding the respect of others. But let no man think to exalt himself by standing aloof from his people; but, on the contra-

ry, everywhere identifying himself with them, and laboring earnestly and patiently for the elevation and welfare of all. In the spirit of resolution No. 11, let each recognize, honor, and defend his proscribed and oppressed brother, and in all lawful ways seek his advancement.

The subject of education received, as it justly deserved, particular attention, and assumed a prominent place in the discussions of the Convention. True, our educational advantages are not great, and on that account should they be more highly prized, and no opportunity to improve them lost. We find the doors of high schools, academies and seminaries generally closed against our children. But there is now no statutory prohibition. No teacher need now fear arrest, fine and imprisonment, for his labor of love in teaching a colored child. No colored young lady need tremble at a town's threatening of 'ten stripes on the naked back' for presuming to enter Connecticut in the pursuit of knowledge.

Let it be remembered, brethren, that these and other measures are proposed in answer to the general question, 'What shall be done?' and not as a means necessary to entitle us to enfranchisement. Our title to that is perfect, already; for did we, as a mass, possess every qualification requisite to the good citizen in the highest perfection, nothing material would be added to the strength of our claim to the franchise. Our only argument for that is, and must ever be, the broad and conclusive one, that it is OUR RIGHT, as native born MEN, Citizens of this great Republic, and members of the Commonwealth of Connecticut. The value and wisdom of the measures recommended to you are seen in their tendency to increase our strength, to multiply the number of our friends, and as a means of enabling us to wield more intelligently and effectively the

'Weapons that come down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
But execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.'

And furthermore, we must labor directly, continually and unitedly, to accomplish our object. It has been asserted by a great and philosophic mind, that 'there is nothing that has any spark of God in it, but the more it is suppressed, the more it rises.' Let us arise in our might, and scatter the living coals of Truth upon the consciences of our fellow-citizens of Connecticut; let us repeat the story of our wrongs in their ears, until it shall affect their hearts, and influence favorably their votes. Let there be no hesitancy to make sacrifices, to sustain and vindicate our cause. What there is of resolution and vigor—what we possess of manliness and energy, must be brought to bear upon the question of our rights, with unwavering hope, and firm reliance upon the irresistible arm, that will turn and overturn, until Justice and Judgment are prevalent throughout the earth.

We need not fear the result. *We must succeed!* 'It is an eternal law, that whosoever assists himself, him will the Lord assist.' The issue is fairly between principle and prejudice—between well-founded right and blind perversity—between reason and passion. Can it be doubted which shall conquer in such a contest? The people can be reached. Their hearts are not enclosed within impregnable walls. 'Connecticut,' says one of her many eminent sons, 'though slow to move, moves sure and strong, when she is aroused; she is cautious and prudent, but when she sees the reason for a change, she will change in earnest.' She will perceive that righteousness exalts a nation; that it is the true foundation of national advancement and prosperity. Righteousness towards God in the acknowledgment of His divine claims and the practice of piety and duty; and righteousness toward man by the establishment of *justice* and *equity*, and the recognition of the universal brotherhood.

Then shall *her* righteousness break forth as the light, and her glory as the noonday sun.

S. M. AFRICANUS,
HENRY NOTT,
HENRY A. THOMPSON.

From the Concord (Ind.) Democrat.

SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

To the cause of human freedom in America, the year that has passed has been a glorious year. To that small, but faithful band of pioneers, who, a few years since, 'solitary and alone,' cut from the mountain the stone which has become a great mountain, it is more than the prestige of the 'good time coming.' To them, toiling up through a long night of persecution and threatened death, it is a day of triumph such as few deserve, and fewer live to enjoy; a triumph of which we eleventh hour soldiers have no right to boast. We care not that the patriarchs of the anti-slavery movement may have been indiscreet and fanatical. We care not that the world, and even the church, calls them heretics. They have been truer than the church upon the greatest question of the age. They have been true when the church was false. They spoke for them that could not speak for themselves, when the church was dumb, and sleeping in the arms of the most gigantic wrong that ever cursed the earth. We care not who differs from us; but we do honor and we will honor the men, be they Christians, heretics or infidels, who first sounded the bugle-note of war against American slavery. Be they honored or reproached by the present age, history, posterity, millions of ransomed men and women, will do them justice. Be their faults and indiscretions many or few, the day is coming when they shall take rank among the noblest and most disinterested benefactors of their race.

But the struggle with the slave power in America is not yet over. Many and heavy blows has the demon received; but he is not dead. The serpent is scotched, but not killed. A fearful empire does he yet wield over the bodies and souls of men. Terribly will he struggle to recover the ground he has lost, and to subject again the government and the country to his infernal power. Already we see indications that a more desperate battle than has yet been fought is preparing. The minions of slavery are strengthening themselves on every side. Within two years, they will again have one of the old political parties of the country openly enlisted under their bloody flag. Which party it shall be, remains to be seen. Flags of truce are now passing between the several camps. The slave power is now making proposals to both parties. The leaders of both parties are watching the negotiations; and, meanwhile, dare not utter a word above a whisper, lest it may be against their future liege lord, or in favor of their to be deadly enemy. That one of these now contracting parties will strike hands with the oppressor, there is little room to doubt. For that event it becomes all true men to prepare.

True, the friends of freedom have driven the former adherents of slavery to abjure their first love. True, we have forced the cup of anti-slavery to the lips of our enemies. In their helplessness and hopelessness, we have compelled them to drink. To save themselves from utter destruction, they have sworn hypocritical oaths of fidelity to principles, against which they have heretofore never ceased to war. But let us not be deceived. Death-bed repentances are seldom lasting, and never free from suspicion. If we are now strong, it is because our vigilance, activity, and fidelity to principle have made us strong. If we have repulsed the advances of slavery, and compelled its 'natural allies' to sue for peace, it has been by making them see that the only other alternative was political death.

The men who have done thus much must not lay down their arms. They must continue to rely on the weapons they have already proved. The citadel they have so bravely conquered, they must stand by and defend. The enemies they have so lately subdued, they must not too speedily invest with power to betray. Let them first do battle, during one campaign, against our foe. If their faith is our faith, if theirs is a sincere and honest conversion to the principles of freedom, let them show their faith by their works. Let them at once cut off all communion with their former confederates. Until they do this, we cannot give them our confidence. We must not trust ourselves and our country in their hands.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP. We know nothing about the wishes or purposes of Free Soil Members of Congress; but we cannot conceive of one of them, under any necessity, giving a vote for the Representative from Boston as Speaker of the House.

Cultivated in intellect; polished in manners; efficient as a presiding officer; he is nevertheless, in our belief, as heartless a public man as we know. We could not conscientiously trust him in any case where Office and Freedom, Fashion and Humanity, Position and Right, came in contact. He will do all for the South he dare do.

We make them still less because of his party connections. Our wish is, and we presume the object of Free Soil Members of Congress will be, to have a Speaker who will give the cause of Freedom a fair hearing in the House, and in the committees of the House.

This they can never gain through Robert C Winthrop.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

From the Ohio Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ADDRESS

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF OHIO,

ON THE FORMATION OF A NORTHERN REPUBLIC.

At an overwhelming Convention of Young People and others, held at Berlin, Mahoning county, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of the present month, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the perpetuity and extension of the Slave system in the United States have been and still are the highest consideration of the Federal Government; and

Whereas, to accomplish these purposes, many millions of dollars have been extorted from the North, and expended upon lands for Slave States, or in the butchery and banishment of thousands of Indians from their homes, that their soil, too, might be plundered for the same unhallowed design; and

Whereas, this nation, in all its political parties, and in all the leading denominations of religion, has sanctioned and sanctified these fearful atrocities, by accepting the spoils and extending over them the bloody shield of the American Constitution; and

Whereas, The political parties are all united in their stern determination to maintain this blood-stained and blood-cemented Union with tyrants and man-stealers, 'however bounded,' or wherever Slavery may be extended; and

Whereas, The religious bodies and influences of the nation are equally true in their loyalty and allegiance to this Confederacy, so foul with many abominations; therefore,

Resolved, 1st, That we, the Young Men and Women of Ohio and elsewhere, in Convention assembled, deeply and solemnly impressed by the fearful degeneracy, the alarming disregard of justice, the entire prostration of national conscience under which such evils have been perpetrated, and earnestly desirous to save ourselves from the burdens of taxation, ignominy and guilt, under which the Northern States have so long suffered as a consequence of their unholy alliance with Slavery and the South, we do now, in the presence of our God, here build an altar to JUSTICE, LIBERTY and HUMANITY; and on this altar we consecrate ourselves to the great work of elevating Universal Man to the full enjoyment of all the rights for which his nature and constitution were formed: firmly resolved, that in this work we will never tire until victory shall crown our labors, or death release us from them.

Resolved, 2d, That since our government has become thus destructive of the ends of Liberty, an engine of torture and slavery to millions, *compelling the entire people to be slaveholders or slaves*, it has become our right and duty, not to *alter*, but to *abolish* it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as shall seem most likely to secure a full equality of the blessings of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness; and with full confidence in the integrity of our purpose and the justice of our cause, WE DO HEREBY DECLARE OURSELVES THE ENEMIES OF THE CONSTITUTION, UNION AND GOVERNMENT OF THESE UNITED STATES, and the friends of a New Confederacy of Northern States, where there shall be NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, *but where there shall ever be* FREE SOIL, FREE LABOR, AND FREE MEN. And from this great and glorious Convention, we proclaim it as *our unalterable purpose and determination*, to live and to labor for a dissolution of the present Union, by all LAWFUL and JUST, though BLOODLESS and PACIFIC MEANS, and for the formation of a new Northern Republic, that shall be such not in name only, but in full living reality and truth.

And we do hereby invite and entreat all the young people of Ohio, and the friends of Justice, Humanity and true Liberty in all the States, to unite with us in laboring for so glorious and holy an object. And,

Resolved, 3d, That this Preamble and these Resolutions be signed by the officers of this Convention, and forwarded, under the direction of a committee for that purpose, to such of the principal editors of public journals, Members of Congress, and other officers in the government, and to such other persons as shall be deemed proper, *in every part of the Union.*

And it was farther voted, that the subscribers be a Committee to prepare an Address to the Young Men and Women of Ohio, expressive of the views of the Convention on this most important and momentous question. In the discharge of this most solemn duty, we do most devoutly invoke Divine aid and illumination.

Born as we have been, in a land boasting of liberty, and bloody with despotism, and living in an age rocking with revolutions, prophetic of a new and brighter dispensation, a Millennium of Freedom, for which the nations have long waited, and assuming the high trusts of moral and intelligent beings, which necessarily devolve on each successive generation, we cannot be insensible that the claims of our age upon us are of no ordinary character. How to discharge them in a manner honorable to ourselves, and acceptable to that Power to whom all dominions are accountable, should be a most solemn inquiry.

We have seen our government prostituted to the dark and desperate designs of Slavery, until, in the language of John Quincy Adams, '*slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-trading have formed the whole foundation of its policy—and a knot of slaveholders give the law, and prescribe the policy of the country.*'

There is no time nor need for enumerating the unhallowed demands of the slave power upon the Northern States. The history of the District of Columbia, of the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, of the seizure of Texas, of the conquest of Mexico, fearful as that history is in all its dark detail, furnishes but a small part of them.

Nor has the North as yet made any bold and manly resistance. When the Annexation of Texas was first whispered in secret places, it was believed the very odiousness of the scheme would forever be a full security against its success. Nor could any warning voice of the abolitionists of that day break the slumber. More than ten years before its consummation, the eye of Garrison, the Pioneer of Freedom, anointed from on high, foresaw its accomplishment; and, as with the inspiration of prophecy in olden time, he predicted it with most unerring certainty, and all the dread consequences which have attended it. But the Democracy answered, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do it?' and the Whig party cursed the prophet, in the name of all its gods.

But in time the fell deed was seen to be inevitable. The North, for once, was alarmed—all political parties, all religious associations, all pulpits and presses united in a stern resistance. Lyceums debated, Conventions protested, Legislatures resolved, the people petitioned, and the pulpits prayed against the impending catastrophe. The non-slaveholding States hung up their unanimous indignation and hostility as a cloud charged with blazing thunder, in the Northern sky But slavery did but touch that cloud with its magic wand, and all its bolts were conducted harmless at her feet, the door of the Union was opened, and Texas with shrieking slaves in thousands, was admitted to the sisterhood of States; while the power at whose fiat she came, uttered the baptismal blessing, *For me, many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

Thus triumphant, why or what should it ever fear? What exaction may not now be made? Our Southern boundary then took wing; who shall say where it will be stayed? Slavery is now supreme Like a mighty giant, it lies with its head pillowed on the snows of the North, and its feet bathed in the perpetual flowers of the sunny South. Its left hand grasps the rising, its right the setting sun. Ask not where it is; ask rather where it is not. If you ascend up into the North, it is there. If you make your bed in Mexico, behold it is there. If you take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of Oregon, even there, too, you shall behold it—for there is in all our domain, no darkness nor shadow of death where we can hide ourselves from its accursed omnipresence. It is high as heaven, what can we do?—deeper than hell, what can we know? It has demolished the shrines which Catholicism had reared to Freedom in the Halls of the Montezumas, and in their stead its own altars already reek with the blood of human victims, and the slave auctioneer's stand shall soon rise at their side.

And by the terms of the Constitution, every bayonet must be burnished, and every sword sharpened, to defend them. Even the feeble muttering of the Free Soil party contemplates no resistance to the will of the majority, when once its behest is known. 'Our Union, however *bounded*,' is its cry—'*Our glorious Constitution*,' no matter though it be written in the blood of untold millions of slaves, and covers a yawning gulf of slave territory, bounded south by the straits of Magellan.

By the terms of the Federal Compact, the people are all bound in chains in its behalf, and our rulers in fetters of iron. Constitutions, laws, army, navy, religion, learning, wealth, manufactures, commerce, all are the armament of this dire institution. It controls all—our laws sanction, our religion sanctifies, and our swords defend it. In pursuit of its fugitives, it screams over our railroads, and leaps in lightning along the telegraphic wires. In our own State o Ohio! it hunts a Van Zandt to his grave, and plunders others of their money by thousands for the crime of taking the flying stranger in, in express obedience to the command of God. It snatches its victims from our very hearth-stones, and we are bound to yield them up, though they are the wives of our bosoms or the sisters of our love. So reads the bloody bond, which all our rulers are sworn solemnly to observe and execute.

From such a covenant, before High Heaven, *we declare ourselves to be absolved*; and from henceforth we are the friends and advocates of a new Northern Republic. The age, already white with ripening Revolutions, demands it of us. The shrieks of three million slaves, their toil unpaid, their flesh wasted with whips and branding-irons, their minds degraded, their chastity shivering in the arms of most damned lust, all demand it. The ghosts of 40,000 Mexicans, whose bones bleach on the soil we plundered from them, screaming from the unseen world, they, too, demand it. Humanity, Justice, God and all Nature demand it—nor shall it be in vain. In the name and strength of Omnipotence, WE WILL BE FREE.

Our warfare shall not be one of violence. No confused noise, nor garments rolled in blood, shall mark our progress. With the immortal O'Connell, we believe no Revolution is worth the slaughter of our enemies—nor can true liberty be thus achieved. France bathed her Revolution in the blood of 15,000 of her people on the fatal twenty-second of June, and rose up from the terrible baptism scarcely better than a military despotism; and her bastard liberty, ere yet out of its swaddling bands, crept to the banks of the Tiber, to humble the brave Italians, who had risen in heroic, though mistaken struggle, against a tyranny of centuries, the most terrible the world had ever seen.

The mighty Kossuth invoked in vain the 'god of battles,' and Hungary is fallen, probably to rise no more. 'They who take the sword shall perish with the sword,' is a truth which history has confirmed from long before it was uttered by a voice from Heaven.

While the nations are thus marshalling for the struggle, the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, be it ours to appeal to the still small voice of the Spirit of Truth, which is alone the power of the living God. With the mild arms of truth and love, with an unshaken adherence to the Right, with souls unspotted with the guilt of supporting, *by vote or oath*, that covenant with death which binds in unholy alliance these United States, with an unalterable determination to sever, as far as possible, all social, political, commercial and religious union with men-stealers and their fellow-tyrants, we shall be invunerable—we shall be invincible.

Thus planted on the principles of immutable Justice, we shall stand like a rock in mid ocean, against which the billows of ages have beat in vain. Thus planted, we will be swift witnesses against every oppressor. And the light of a true life, consecrated to Principle, to Justice, to Liberty, shall illumine all within the orbit of our influence.

Political party and sectarian distinctions, as now observed, we should abjure forever. Whig, Democrat, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist or other sectarian names should henceforth be obsolete and blotted from every dictionary under heaven, and hereafter regarded as the names of the grand instrumentality by which we have been held subservient to the slave power under the government and religion of the country.

To accomplish our purpose, we shall seek to change the popular sentiment by every lawful and proper means—associations formed, agents sent forth, the press, with its thousand trumpet-tongues, these should be prominent among our instrumentalities. And whenever the wish-for period arrives that the people of Ohio can be brought to repentance of their league with thieves and robbers, we have the recorded declaration of the highest Judicial tribunal in the land, that by refusing to elect Senators to Congress, we sever the Union without a struggle.

For a consummation so glorious, who would not labor even unto death? And if we achieve no higher end, we do, at least, cleanse our own hands and garments from the blood of the slave. We say to the Southern oppressor, *Henceforward we stand for the spoiled against the spoiler, the victim against the brutal ravisher. From this time our cry is, 'No Union with Slavery nor Slaveholders.' Should we be summoned to 'suppress domestic violence' between you and your slaves, our swords shall never drink the blood of the bondman.*

Who can doubt that if Northern men would thus dare to sever the Union which binds this Confederacy together, all Heaven would wait to bless and ratify the deed? Justice and Humanity, Reason and Conscience demand it, and yet they delay. They tremble at the consequences, though they would be the serenest smiles, the best benisons of Heaven.

Severed from that corpse of dissolving destruction at the South, with a Northern Republic, with Free Soil indeed, with Free Labor indeed, and Free Men indeed, how glorious, how transcendantly desirable should be our condition! Our enterprize and industry are even now without a parallel—our economy and temperance have not been exceeded. Join to these all the inexhaustible resources of wealth which Nature has scattered on every hill, opened in every plain and prairie between the two oceans, and how soon might we beco ne the wonder of the world! We should sit Queen among the nations. Every wilderness should be made to blossom as the rose. Every desert should shout for joy. Over us the morning stars should sing together. We should be indeed a Land of Liberty, and an asylum for all the oppressed, 'no matter in what language their doom might have been pronounced, or what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun might have burned upon them.' Prosperity and Plenty should sit smiling in our midst, Peace should wave her white banner above us, and Joy and Gladness crown us forever.

But even should none of these millennial glories attend such a triumph of Justice, still the duty of separation is not the less imperious. What though the day which saw our deep repentance should also witness all the woes that cowardice and cupidity have ever predicted? Still, the voice of the Omnipotent, louder than all the thunders of heaven, demands that our covenant with death be disannulled, that our agreement with hell be abolished.

What though it should baptize the South deep in blood—what though smoking towns and desolated plantations should robe her in a pall black as the midnight of despair—still from Nature's depths and the deep heart of God, the command is, '*Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*'—be Justice done, though the heavens fall.

What are States and Nations when opposed to the triumphs of Justice? Let them perish. Better far were it, than that Slavery should endure, if enterprise and industry were palsied forever, and national prosperity numbered with things that are no more—better that commerce wrap itself in its own shrouds and hide in the deepest caverns of the ocean—better that all thrones and dominions perish together—rather let kings turn suicides and queens be mad, and dizzy empires go reeling to the ground—as soon let God and all Nature give up the ghost. Let Justice be done and Righteousness prevail, though it bury every continent in the Universe in undistinguished ruin.

Young Men and Women of Ohio! such are the demands of the passing age upon you. Shall they be nobly and heroically met? It is a glorious warfare we are called to wage. It is Truth and Humanity, Justice and Liberty, on the one side, and Oppression and Tyranny, bloody with guilt and hoary with age, on the other; and our weapons are all stored in the arsenals of heaven.

Shall we gird on the celestial panoply?—Thus armed, who can withstand us? If bold and faithful, if honest and true to our high trust, one of us shall indeed chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

Then let us arise and go forth to the conflict. We may not all live to see the consummation of our high hopes, but the reward of the faithful is sure. Tyranny may triumph for an hour, but as the Lord God of Heaven liveth, no weapon that is formed against us shall long be suffered to prosper.

PARKER PILLSBURY,
JAMES BARNABY,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
J. ELIZABETH JONES,
} *Committee.*

SALEM, County of Columbiana, September 24th, 1849.

☞ 'To this complexion it must come at last,' and is fast coming, let who will temporise, doubt, ridicule, or falter. The friends of 'Liberty and Union' in Ohio may rest assured, that there are thousands of earnest spirits in New England, who will respond to their stirring Address in as fervent accents, with as calm a front, and with as stern a purpose. Let the Southern confession on the floor of Congress never be forgotten:—'The dissolution of the Union is the abolition of slavery!' To this issue must the people of the North be constantly kept.—ED. LIB.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 12, 1849.

No Union with Slaveholders!

LETTERS TO FATHER MATHEW.—NO. V.

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW:

SIR—The excellence of the cause in which you have been so long assiduously engaged, and the wonderful success which has crowned your efforts among your suffering countrymen, have made you conspicuous throughout Christendom, won for you the esteem and admiration of men of every sect and party, secured for you a potent influence over millions of minds, and attached unusual importance to your opinions and conduct as a distinguished benefactor of the human race. But such renown and such influence bring with them peculiar trials, great perils, solemn responsibilities. Whoever rises to eminence as a philanthropist or a reformer, should keep in constant remembrance, that with him is lodged a power for good or evil on a mighty scale; that he cannot lose himself in a crowd, nor sink into obscurity as only one among the many; that a misstep on his part is no longer an individual, but a collective calamity; that there is, unhappily, a strong tendency, among ardent friends and warm supporters, to man-worship—to a belief in the infallibility of the cherished object; and, therefore, that he shapes the destinies of a wide circle of followers, according to his fidelity to principle and inflexible adherence to the right, on the one hand, or his apostacy and truckling to worldly expediency, on the other.

You have voluntarily come to this land, in which the one great national sin that overtops every other is SLAVERY—the transformation of three millions of its inhabitants into personal property, chattels, merchandize, to the subversion of all the doctrines and precepts of Jesus Christ, to the annihilation of all human rights. In Ireland, you professed to be an uncompromising abolitionist; you found time to bear a strong testimony against American slavery, as a disgrace to the country, and a sin against God; you felt it to be your duty to implore your countrymen here to be true to the cause of liberty, by giving no countenance to oppression; you recognized the American abolitionists as worthy of their support, as the only consistent friends of freedom in the land. Now that you are on American soil, is there any reason why you should shun those whom you eulogized at home; or why you should not renew your anti-slavery appeal to your countrymen, as opportunity may offer? That the abolitionists remain true to their principles, I presume you will not deny; that your countrymen refuse to give even the slightest countenance to the anti-slavery movement, and that they spurned with indignation and contempt the address which bore your signature, as well as O'Connell's, you cannot be ignorant; that the Catholic priesthood, the Catholic church, the Catholic journalists, and the Catholic political leaders, are giving their sanction and support to the slave system, either by holding slaves, or by maintaining that it is not a crime to hold property in man, either by preserving that silence which gives consent, or by furious denunciation of those who demand the instant liberation of every bondman, is a fact too notorious to admit of denial; that the slave population has not diminished since you signed the address in Ireland, but that, on the contrary, it has been augmented to the frightful amount of at least HALF A MILLION of fresh victims, the census will fully demonstrate. Yet, behold the change! You have signified your determination to give the slave no token of your sympathy, and his oppressor no cause of uneasiness! As for the abolitionists, in no shape or manner are you willing to be identified with them! You volunteer the expression of a doubt whether there is any specific injunction in the Scriptures against slavery! You recollect that the signing of your name to the address to your countrymen here, brought a good deal of odium (?) upon you, and you are not disposed to encounter any more of it on that score, especially as you are every where feasted and flattered by a pro-slavery people!

All this is a melancholy exhibition of folly or criminality on your part. Its influence, alas! for 'evil, only evil, and that continually,' on the ethics and actions of a vast multitude, may easily be traced, though not as easily measured.

Consider, now, what must be the effect of your example on the minds of your countrymen in the United States, whose number is at least as great as that of the slave population. Will they not feel justified in disregarding all the injunctions contained in your address? Will they not consider you as virtually condemning the abolitionists, and all agitation of the subject of slavery? Hitherto, their prejudices against our free colored population have been peculiarly bitter: will they not be rendered even more inimical to that persecuted class, by your apparent lack of sympathy? How can you ever consistently enjoin upon them, again, the duty to use all their moral and political power for the abolition of slavery, and to unite with the friends and advocates of immediate emancipation in one common effort? If you can find reasons to stand aloof from this question, will it be a difficult matter for them to do the same thing in their own case? Alas! the moral injury to them of your bad example, in this particular, is beyond calculation. You have confirmed them in their pro-slavery views and feelings, and made them at least the passive, if not the active subjects of the Slave Power. Thus your mission to them, in spite of the success that may crown your temperance labors, will prove a curse instead of a blessing. Three or four millions strong, if they were abolitionists, how long could the foul system of slavery remain unshaken on our soil? Now that they are strengthened in their pro-slavery position, what hope is left that that system will be overthrown by moral and peaceful instrumentalities?

Your anti-slavery defection will be known throughout Ireland. On the part of those who regard principles more than men, in your unfortunate country, it will excite grief and elicit condemnation; but the great mass of your countrymen, it is to be feared, will allow their reverence for you as a priest, and their regard for you as a temperance benefactor, to bias their judgment and blind their vision. In the nature of things, you cannot take a wrong step without leading them astray. In trying to defend your pro-slavery position in America, they will lessen their abhorrence of slavery, and injure their moral nature. Yours will be the guilt, theirs the degradation and suffering.

How your course is regarded by the cruel oppressors in the South is plainly indicated by the exultation of the press in that quarter. They are eager to give you the right hand of fellowship, and are lavish of their praises in your behalf. Such prudence, forecast and wisdom as you are displaying, in being dumb on the slavery question, they have always admired and commended. Yet they heartily despise you, beyond all doubt; but the blow you have inflicted on the anti-slavery cause fills them with inexpressible delight.

It follows, 'as the night the day,' that you have added to the anguish, horror and despair of the poor miserable slaves, made their yokes heavier, and fastened their chains more securely! 'For, in a struggle like this, and at such a crisis, whatever gladdens the hearts of the slave-mongers must proportionably agonize those of their victims. Oh, Father Mathew, by all that is implied or embodied in a system which reduces millions of your fellow-creatures to the condition of brutes, and dooms their posterity to the same degradation, forget not the apostolic injunction—'Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.'

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

FATHER MATHEW.

WOODLEE, NEW BEDFORD, Oct. 1, 1849.

RESPECTED FRIEND:

'Father Mathew' has just been making a visit in New Bedford, as you are probably aware. He was received with a great deal of attention, and the full honors of the city were done him.

I was present on two occasions at the Roman Catholic Church, where he administered the pledge to several hundred, men, women and children. Preceding each, mass was performed; 'Father Mathew' in priestly robes. His manner and appearance were very impressive, and, so far as I could perceive, evinced the sincerity and earnestness for which he is characterized. I could not, however, forget his conduct in relation to the invitation so politely and naturally extended him, to attend the celebration of the anniversary of West India emancipation, and it sadly marred that which otherwise would have been an interesting occasion to me. I can excuse his preference for his own church, although I frequently hear the imputation laid upon him of having sinister motives in his visit to this country. This, however, I conclude, grows out of the prejudice against the Roman Church.

Although 'Father Mathew' could not use the common courtesy of replying to the kind invitation of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, he has written a long and highly complimentary letter to the Mayor of this town, which you will find published in the columns of the Mercury I send herewith. Father M. is very much mistaken if he supposes that the kind reception he received here was without a dissenting voice. The account of the interview he had with yourself and Dr. Bowditch had been republished in the New Bedford Mercury, and many here, besides abolitionists, had felt their confidence in him broken, by his cold and unkind demeanor on that occasion.

I have heard it whispered that Father M. intends making a public explanation, but I fear it is only a rumor from his friends, who dread the consequences of his sad mistake. I should rejoice, however, if he can make a satisfactory explanation of his conduct; for notwithstanding my anti-slavery preferences, I find it hard and grievous to condemn the 'Apostle of Temperance.'

I am aware that my letter is somewhat tame, but I have endeavored to be calm and just.

I remain, yours respectfully,
DANIEL RICKETSON.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

Another valuable addition to the anti-slavery literature of the age has just been made by the appearance of a new work in this city, entitled 'SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION, by WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.' It will serve as a text-book for anti-slavery lecturers, and all others who are desirous of being well equipped with facts and arguments in the conflict with the Slave Power, having been prepared with great care as well as consummate ability, and covering as it does a large field of observation. It is published by Robert F. Wallcut, and makes a handsomely printed pamphlet of 156 pages octavo, on fine paper and very legible type. Copies are for sale at 21 Cornhill. We can give, this week, only the tablo of contents:—1. 'Slavery Agreeable to God's Providence.' 2. Direct Mental Instruction of Slaves. 3. Moral and Religious Condition of the Slaves. 4. Moral and Religious Teachers of the Slaves. 5. Direct Religious Instruction of Slaves. 6. Indirect Instruction.—No Legal Marriage of Slaves. 7. 'Soul Driving.' 8. 'Domestic Slave Trade.' 9. Runaway Slaves. 10. Slaveholding always Wrong. 11. The Constitution and its Interpretation. 12. The Constitution according to the Common Meaning of its Terms. 13. The Constitution as its Framers Intended to Make it. 14. The Constitution, according to the Practice of the Government. 15. The Constitution according to the Exposition of its final Interpreter. 16. No Union with Slaveholders.

'REVIEWS AND ESSAYS. BY E. G. HOLLAND. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, 111, Washington Street—1849.' pp. 400, 12 mo.

The reviews in this well-printed volume are on Confucius, William Ellery Channing, and Natural Theology. The subjects of the Essays are—Genius, Beauty, Rising of Thought, The Infinite Harmony, Sorrow, The Immortal Life, Human Freedom and Rights, Justice, Supremacy of Heart, Life an Original Power, the Old and the New.

Mr. Holland has given to the world a work which indicates that he possesses the power of analysis, description, rhetoric, and illustration, in unusual fulness, with a keen appreciation of the beautiful, the true, and the good. His Review of Channing is remarkably felicitous, and will be read by the admirers of that rare man with great pleasure. It is evident that he is second to none among the number; for he concludes his Review by saying—'If one word may express the true position of this man when among us, it is this,—that, more than any other moral teacher of his time, he was the Prophet of the Age.' We shall take occasion, from time to time, to make such extracts from this volume as our limits will allow; in the mean time, commending it to the patronage of the public.

THE SCHOOL SHOULD BE SUSTAINED. We are glad to learn that our colored fellow-citizens, having generally withdrawn their children from the Smith School as a testimony against the tyranny which is robbing them of their just educational rights and privileges, are endeavoring to sustain a separate independent school, in the Infant School Room, Belknap street, which is already well attended, under the care of the REV. DANIEL FOSTER, a most competent teacher, and a fearless abolitionist. As the parents are in many cases too poor to pay any thing for the instruction of their children, donations are solicited from the friends of the colored population by the Committee of Supervision, (of whom John T. Hilton is the General Treasurer, 32, Brattle street,) until the case now before the Supreme Court shall have been decided—as no doubt it will be—in favor of our colored citizens. We have no doubt the money will be wisely expended. Though the struggle is a local one, the principle involved is of universal importance, and dear as human liberty.

WILFUL LIES. How many of these can impudently be crowded into a few lines may be seen by reading the following declarations from the Chronotype of Monday:—'Garrison went, according to his own showing, with an insult to Father Mathew on the end of his tongue (!) The first thing he said, (!) if we remember, for we have not a file of the Liberator, was a glorification of himself, which reflected severely upon Father Mathew (!) Feeling the want of cordiality, (!!) the philanthropic priest threw himself upon his reserve, (!) and merely parried Mr. Garrison's logic, (!) not understanding thereby how he was to be cooked up in the Liberator.' Let the father of lies beat this, if he can.

INDISPENSABLE TRAVELLING COMPANION. The Pathfinder Railway Guide for the New England States—containing official tables of the hours of departure from each station, and the distances and fares, on all the railway lines in New England, *with a complete Railway map*—No. 5, from Oct. 8th to Nov. 5th, 1849, issued under direction of the New England Association of Railway Superintendents, has just been published by George K. Snow & Co., 5 Washington street. It fills 80 neatly printed pages, and contains a vast amount of information which will save the travelling public ten thousand questions and a great deal of uncertainty as to the how, when and where of railway conveyance. Copies are for sale at 21 Cornhill—price 3 cents!

LETTER FROM JAMES HAUGHTON.

35 ECCLES STREET, DUBLIN, 10th Sept., 1849.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—W. W. Brown has been with us, and we all liked him much. What an infernal system it is which pronounces such a man a chattel; which, in truth, denies to him his manhood altogether! I wonder how many of the master class can compete with him in intellectual power. If there be many such among them, the world ought to have been (and no doubt it would have been, if such were the fact) made aware of the mine of mental wealth existing in your slave States, that we might have gone there in shoals, to drink deep at the Pierean spring which bubbles up at the foot of your 'peculiar institution.' There, we might, by 'drinking largely,' become sober, and learn that Heaven, in order to reward the white man for his benevolence and care of those who knew not how to care for themselves, had gifted him with superior intellect, and furnished him with a diploma for teaching morality to the world. Mr. Brown seems to be quite a superior man. We had one public meeting for him; it was well attended. He has much tact, as well as considerable power as a speaker, so that he greatly interested his audience. I thank you for your letter of introduction, which he handed me. I need hardly say, that any friend of yours would be welcome to me.

You refer to the happy change that has taken place in Massachusetts, in relation to the escaped slave, so that it is pleasant to feel that no man-stealer will dare to follow Mr. Brown, and drag him back to the hell from which he has made himself free. I sympathize with you heartily in all your labors on behalf of the colored man, and I am ever longing for the day when the glad shout of emancipation will resound over the wide extent of your country, filling the hearts of your oppressed millions with gladness, and lighting up the faces of all who labored in the sacred cause with joy unspeakable.

I did not attend the Peace Congress, nor have I yet heard many particulars of that interesting gathering. I hope soon to get all the news about it from Richard D. Webb. He was there, but has not yet returned home.

I send you herewith a letter addressed to Henry C. Wright. You may publish it in the Liberator, which will be a certain way of its reaching him. I suppose he is wandering somewhere or other between you and the Pacific; sowing good seed, no doubt, wherever he may be.

I learn from your letter, that Mr. and Mrs. Eddy reached their home in safety. If near you, I would wish to be kindly remembered to them, and to thank them for the pamphlets they sent me. I spent some hours very pleasantly in their society.

You inquire kindly after my health. It is good, although I am a vegetarian in spite of the cholera. That terrible disease is raging around us. The cases are not very numerous, but the deaths are nearly 50 per cent. I am most thankful to be able to say that it has spared all who are near and dear to me; yet several acquaintances have been taken. I hope it is on the decline with us.

Yours, dear friend, faithfully and affectionately,
JAMES HAUGHTON.

From the Boston Journal of Monday.

DREADFUL SHIPWRECK, AND LOSS OF ONE HUNDRED LIVES!

A severe gale from the N. E. commenced on Saturday evening, and raged with great fury during the whole of the night, and throughout the day on Sunday. The gale was probably the most severe of the season, and, we fear, has proved very destructive on the coast. In the vicinity of Boston, tender shrubbery, branches of trees, and, in some cases, large trees, have been blown down, and the fruit not gathered has been mostly shaken off and damaged. In the city, the effects of the gale were visible in the rent awnings, and, in some cases, in the prostration of chimneys.

In Chelsea, one of the walls of the new brick church, now erecting by Mr. Gerrish, on Chesnut st., for the Universalist Society, was prostrated with a tremendous crash. The rafters had been put on during the week, preparatory to laying the roof boards. The damage is estimated at $1000.

The British brig Saint John, Capt. Oliver, from Galway, Ireland, anchored inside Minot's ridge, about 5 o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, dragged her anchors, and struck on the Grampus rocks about 9, A. M. The Captain, officers and crew, (with the exception of the first mate,) took to the boat, and landed safe at the Glades. The passengers who were saved got on pieces of the wreck, and landed near Whitehead, north end of Cohasset harbor. The number of passengers on board was 164, out of which about *one hundred and forty five are supposed to have been lost.* There were 14 cabin passengers, mostly women and children. Another account states that the captain took to the jolly boat, which soon swamped, and he swam to the long boat and was saved, with 10 others. The second mate, two men, and two boys, were lost. The balance of the crew were saved.

As near as we can ascertain among the many conflicting stories, there were 21 saved in all—ten passengers and the captain, and ten of the crew, who came ashore in the long-boat. The number lost it is impossible to ascertain. According to the captain's story, there were one hundred and twenty on board, including the crew. If this be true, there were but *ninety-nine* lost! The passengers who were saved maintain, however, that there were one hundred and fifty passengers on board, which, if true, would swell the number lost to *one hundred and forty-three!*

*Who is Responsible?

☞ The subject of the following sketch, which we copy from the *Christian Register*, was a thorough friend of Reform. She had borne her protest against a corrupt Church by separating from it; and in circumstances which would have been to most a great temptation, always identified herself with the most radical and hated of Reformers. There is nothing exaggerated in this beautiful tribute of Mr. Phillips.

MRS. ELIZA GARNAUT.

It is hard to comply with your request for some further notice of the character of Mrs. Garnaut. Those of us who knew her feel it impossible to tell her worth, while the words which to us are tame and halting, will be read by strangers as the usual exaggeration of an obituary. I knew her long and intimately, and though it has been my lot to know many rare and devoted men and women, I can truthfully say, the sight of her daily life has enlarged my idea of the reach of human virtue. I am indebted to her for a new lesson of practical Christianity, and I read now the instances of singular heroism and disinterestedness with anointed eyes.

Mrs. Garnaut was the second daughter of John and Ann Jones, and born at Swansea, Wales, on the 8th day of April, 1810. While she was at school near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister, then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sisters younger than herself. To these she was father, mother, brother and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut, the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years after her marriage, she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone, with her infant, in a strange land, without means, and with very few friends, she manifested the same energy and trustfulness, the same putting aside of all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful. After an interval, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston, and labored in its cause many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added to the care and confinement of the office she held, became the matron of the Home, established in Albany street for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over two infants who had died of the cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease, on Monday, the 3d of September, aged thirty-nine years.

This is the outline of a long life, crowded into few years, whose every day was filled with more acts of love and service to others, than most of even the devotedly benevolent are able or privileged to do in years.

The Societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects; not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents, and brought to her so loathsome and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received; not to give to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, cure and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried without a doubt to her; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and companion. To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation, she has again and again given up her own room and bed, hoping that, if under her eye, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience, and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by love of drink, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves; and lived usefully and virtuously, after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In hundreds of towns are little ones whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls, for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death, it was pitiful to witness the bitter grief of homeless and friendless persons, gathered by the news, who felt that they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the death beds of children, from which so many fled, whose parents she had never seen; and in this, her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of insult, or danger to herself, in reaching any she sought to save. Strong in a good purpose, she entered fearlessly, alone, the most abandoned haunts of vice, ventured on shipboard at night to snatch a victim from certain ruin, and, plain in speech, feared neither static nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnaut was, might be said to be the vanguard of benevolent effort. Was her society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want, even in adults. The emigrant who had neither acquaintances nor work, the criminal who needed aid, the fugitive slave, the sick woman, were all sheltered, or visited, or provided for. Many years of devoted labor had made her known to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her. While engaged in Moral Reform, she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where, save her unwearied love, none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the presence of the most resolute vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough, and gave up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel there was one heart that would never be closed against her, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows a mother's heart will never cease to hope; and in many cases was her faith sustained. Much doubtless was owing to the fascination of a manner, recognized by every one who came within its influence. It was the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the institution she controlled to go on; and they were given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon any thing as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, both too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire unconsciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books, she had learned through her affections; and here, as our wisest statesman has said, 'the heart was the best logician.' She saw the right with the unerring intuition of a good heart. Neither sect, class, color or country affected her feelings. In education, social reorganization, anti-slavery, the amelioration of punishments, the advancement of woman, she took a deep and intelligent interest, and felt how slight was the effect of all her toil on evils which grew from false principles. She had good intellectual ability, sound practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, that probed every case, and did, what she did, intelligently.

Bereaved in so many of her relations, separated from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if the pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recal, the traits of the great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously penetrated with the thought that she 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' She literally 'cared for nothing,' but like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of her perfect unconsciousness of it. We see many unselfish, many disinterested, many devoted persons. But neither word, nor all combined, at all describe Mrs. Garnaut. What others do with effort, or, at most, from a sense of duty, in her seemed nature. Yet not the heedless generosity of childhood or sentiment, but the harmonious working of a nature which existed *only to serve others* as naturally as a tree grows. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing devotedness, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, or to deem they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union, great tenderness and great firmness of character. Though her heart bled at the sight of wo, yet she faced and alleviated sufferings of the most horrid description with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died, worn out, doing all her kind heart dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her hands, were sufficient for. She felt she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this, so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who knew her, have the joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unawares. Her death practically breaks up the society she served. The Institution, unspeakably useful, will be continued, but the motherly love, the tenderness, the readiness for every toil, the sympathy for all wo, the pre-eminent ability, working wonders with nothing, the heart which made the Home so beautiful to visit, as well as so variously useful, are gone. What she created, what nothing but her unique character sustained, dies with her.

As was said of the good English Bishop,—'Surely the life of one like this ought not to be forgotten. I, who saw and heard so much of it, shall, I trust, never recollect it without being better for it. And if I can succeed in showing it so truly to the world that they also may be the better for it, I shall do them an acceptable service.'

Yours truly,
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

FRIEND GARRISON,—Before proceeding farther in my remarks concerning the Church, it seems proper to state, that I claim not the honorable appellation of *come-outer*, in the full import of the term. I never was a member of the Church. The honor of breaking one of her ponderous shackles in order to escape from her fell enchantment belongs not to me. But I looked round me, among my fellow-creatures. I witnessed their condition, moral and physical. I turned my eye toward the Church. The smoke from her altars was ascending; but no balm was she preparing for the weak and wounded, sick and sore.' Need any unworthy motive be attributed to me, when I attempt to draw a faithful portrait of the Church?

Yours for the clear sunshine of truth and righteousness on every portion of God's heritage,

MONITOR.

TO MONITUS.

Can any one of the least discernment, for a moment believe that the Church is of Christ? Is there any evidence to prove that she is the true Church—the 'bride'? If so, what need of any effort from without to reform her?

'Has she not living faith within,
Her life and strength to feed?'

Will not she be likely to grow in grace, without any aid or culture at our hands? Or, is it thought that in her hour of need, the bridegroom has forsaken her? Did Monitus so learn Christ? If thus forsaken, her friends may well ask aid for her; nor should we marvel that they are not fastidious about the source whence aid may come. But, Monitus, do you really believe that the promise of the Master—'I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world'—has been broken? Do you believe that the spiritual presence and aid of Christ are ever withdrawn from his true disciples? Where, then, do you repose your faith? If Christ is not there, the Church is not of him; there the bride does not exist; there the true disciples are not found.

'Ye are my disciples, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' Has the Church kept the Master's words? Has she obeyed his commandments? 'She has kept the Sabbath!' Anything else? No. But still, Monitus thinks she is better than the world. What is the world? Common humanity outside of the Church?—mankind in general? Very good—'The Sabbath was made for man.' (Your Church seems made for the Sabbath.) 'Man is lord of the Sabbath.' The Church is servant of the Sabbath. How much better is the unprofitable, unworthy servant of the Sabbath, than is the Sabbath's lord? If honesty is better than hypocrisy, just in the same proportion is the world better than the Church. You, Monitus, have asked me to labor to reform the Church. It would be a fruitless labor, a useless waste of time. It is not worth the trouble. I would as soon attempt to mend a broken egg-shell. Slavery is its chief corner-stone. Take that away, and your lofty pile will crumble in pieces. Think you that the Master will ever enter there, while the accursed foundation remains? Never! All the stones of its base are cemented only with the blood of the Southern bondman and bondmaid. Its steeple points to heaven—its crying sins alone do reach the throne of God! Well do I know she cannot heal herself. If she ever possessed healing power, it has, long since, left her. None other than the angel of death will ever 'trouble the waters' in the black and stagnant pool of the Church. The curse of a righteous God rests upon her.

Can you name any enterprise of moral reform at which the Church has not shaken her palsied forefinger? Can you point me to a single department of science against which she has never raised her withering wand? Can you mention any important discovery, deeply affecting the interests of humanity, at which she has not been 'struck distraught'? He whom she unworthily calls Master was never afraid of the truth, from whatever source it might emanate. He loved the truth—loved to utter it at all times, in all places. He always preferred it before expediency—or, rather, with him, it *was* EXPEDIENCY. It made him free. It makes his disciples free. The Church fears the truth; and well she may. She knows that every triumph of truth is a mighty blow, struck at the corrupt foundation of her falling fabric. In this connexion I may mention one of the religious licenses of the Church—that which allows 'a lie may be told for the glory of God' (!!) It may be, professedly, obsolete. I know not that it is so practically. I do know that she fears the truth. I have yet to learn that she has any real dread of falsehood. But, the license: Did the idea on which it rests grow out of the 'religious sentiment' of the Church? The 'wicked world' never believed that God would father a lie 'for his own glory.' It is certain that the Church did never 'learn of Christ' that lesson. Christ laid down his life for the human family. The Church will not move a finger in the same behalf, much less would she endanger her quiet. Christ was called the Prince of Peace—a sorry 'bride' for him would be the Queen of Quiet. Her character is all unlike the Master's.

There are outrages incorporated into the 'sacred' institution, of which even ministers of hell should be ashamed, if they are guilty of any such offences. I speak in reference to 'the tables of the money changers,' and those who sell for sordid gold, not 'doves' merely, but the image of God, in ebony or alabaster, as the case may be. It matters not what color may be the face, if so be it is a human face. Humanity is of no particular color.

'A man's a MAN, or black or white.'

Is it not a blighting sin, a burning shame to the Church, that her professing members, in 'regular standing,' in 'good fellowship,' are guilty of buying and selling their brethren and sisters, members of the same churches with themselves? thus separating husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters forever from each other! Is it not a monstrous sin against God? And yet, what Northern church, even, is moved by such iniquity? What pious face crimsons at witnessing this enormity? No wonder that 'infidels' are called upon to help reform the Church! No wonder that some laboring reformers 'choose a position' outside the Church to 'fight the common enemy'! No wonder that good men and devout are beginning to give a strictly literal interpretation to the text, 'One day in thy house is better than a thousand,' when they see the 'temple' changed to a den of flesh-mongers—morally, 'a den of thieves.' Let the 'wicked world' blush for the 'holy church'! The conscientiousness of the Church is too 'small' to suffuse her withered cheek with shame.

Is the enormous evil we have just been considering any evidence of the 'love and unity' in the Church? Does it constitute any part of the charm which is to enchant the world, and fill the souls of men with admiration of the Church, eliciting the exclamation, 'See how these Christians love one another!' Friend Monitus, is this the proof that 'the Church is better than the world'? When you made that assertion, you stated that it was not saying much. But, was it not saying quite too much—more than you can prove? You cannot clear the Church from this foul stain. I think you cannot satisfy yourself that this is evidence of her fitness to 'swallow up the little anti-slavery band.' The best that you can do will be, perhaps, to call the sin 'organic,' like other sins belonging to the Church. At all events, it is a 'rub' which you cannot 'rub out,' though most devoutly you may 'wish to.'

Why does not the Church make some effort to rid herself of her goats? Are they in the majority? Possibly. Be that as it may, 'union is strength!' Ah! there it is—and she has no strength to spare. Now, is such strength better than weakness? Is not her 'life' a death-like sleep? Is not her 'wisdom' foolishness, made up of vain deception? What is her 'piety' but solemn mockery? She has no love for man—can she love God? He who recounts her 'deeds of charity' will have a task lighter than air—the story will be wondrous short! No one can be ignorant about her 'sins of omission'—they cry aloud to Heaven!

What do your champions of the Church suppose? that the come-outers are only talking idle nonsense, when they 'descant on the deformities' of the corrupt Church? The world begins to see the Church in truer light. What do your champions think about *themselves?* Do they deceive themselves with the thick smoke of their frankincense? Or, is it to deceive the world that they offer weekly sacrifice? Now, either the 'come-outers,' or those who remain in the Church, must be most egregiously at fault. How is it? Cannot we decide? If the Church is as we have represented her, you, Monitus,—if you are of her,—are lending your influence to perpetuate the most blighting curse that ever blackened the moral atmosphere of the civilized world. That the Church is not what she professes to be, you have virtually admitted; so, also, have many others. Without these admissions on the part of the Church-men, her rottenness would be but too apparent. Be not deceived—God is not mocked.

The Church cannot get up a 'revival' in these days. I suspect she finds it difficult to 'hold her own,' without attempting to add much to her numbers. But Monitus must not suppose that the 'little anti-slavery band' has hands to spare for the Church. For myself, I deprecate the UNION already existing between us and the pro-slavery Church. From my inmost soul I protest against it. I go for immediate dissolution, at all hazards. Anti-slavery has nothing to expect from the Church—what to fear? I insist on jealous adherence to our cardinal watchwords, 'NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS'—'NO concealment'—'NO compromise.' But I would that those friends of the slave who are in strange places, might come home—be with us, if they are of us. Let us have a thanksgiving conference this fall—a 'love-feast,' if you will. The term 'come-outer' will not alarm them much, when once 'out' of the Church. Let us all consecrate ourselves afresh to the cause of humanity and of God.

The Church cannot rebuke any popular sin. *Intemperance* did not often tremble on her lips (except in its unavoidable effects) until the vice became decidedly unpopular. Then she stood (or sate) ready to lend a hand in keeping the jubilee; and her croaking voice helped, in the grand chorus, to make up the variety—an addition, if not an improvement. Let the anti-slavery cause once become popular, and the 'expiring breath,' if not the 'heart and tongue' of the hoary sinner, will be 'employed' in praising her most formidable enemy—freedom. Thus is it with her in regard to every reform.

She is 'law-abiding' to a fault. Law, merciless as it is, does not compel to self-crimination. It binds not the Church to 'cry aloud and spare not' the sins which it loves.' If the 'whole church' would preach *half* the gospel, 'infidels' would be 'astonished at her doctrine,' and would be led to exclaim, 'We never saw it in this wise before!' Can she preach repentance? The text would be to her a most withering rebuke; the sermon, if faithful, a stern condemnation of her. She 'studies the things which make for her' *own safety.* If her goats were all transformed into wolves, and her sheep all changed to goats, I do not believe she would bestir herself, until the voice of the world might rouse her from her dreamings. She fears the world—courts the world's applause. We are constantly told that she is alive, and mighty. Truth is mightier. With truth for our shield, we meet her to oppose.

If the mission of anti-slavery be to 'leaven the lump of society, and the church, and the world,' what is the mission of the Church? To 'keep the Sabbath,' I suppose. If the Church, 'the religious influence and sentiment of the country,' were really Christian, it would not need reforming—certainly no extraneous influence would be required to reform it. Anti-Christian as she is, I do not deem it worth the effort. When the Church shall finally take her place among other venerable relics of the past, let Christian Charity write her epitaph; and let her biography be comprehended in the epitaph. Two words will be amply sufficient:

RUSTED OUT.

I have said that the Church is not of Christ. I would be still more explicit; for, I believe, a gross misapprehension, on that point, exists. I have not learned that Christ ever established any church. And, I would ask, what had he ever to do with either Church or State? Certainly, very little—nothing, except to vent at them the overflowings of his righteous indignation. There is no Church of Christ in all the world. What rites and ceremonies did he sanction? Breaking of bread, and eating and drinking when hungry and thirsty; praying when moved by a devotional spirit; washing the feet of his fellows, and other necessary and useful acts of loving kindness and humanity. Such were 'the modes and forms' which he approved. The Church of Christ is yet to be built. Its foundation, I know, has been laid in deeds of benevolence and charity. Who will build thereon? I bid him God speed! Christ went about doing good. Who will follow in his blessed footsteps? Let him take up the cross, in good faith, nothing wavering, and go onward. And let every true soul freely give him a full share of generous sympathy.

Humanity has fully outgrown her ancient nursery. The clerical 'baby-house' is quite too small for her. She demands, and she must have more room to stretch her growing limbs. The lullaby of the Church, for her, has lost its charms. Putting away childish things, the hoary matron's melodies she lays aside with the rest. The withered dame begins to find it difficult to keep the youthful maiden's shoe-strings tied, the dwarfish shoes which she would have her wear are so insufferably tight. She does not want a rattle. Less is she pleased with the accustomed rattle of 'dry bones.' She speaks in earnest when she asks for light and air, more room, more freedom. Second-hand inspiration she no longer craves. She asks to have her spiritual drink all fresh and pure, even from the living stream direct. The chaff and husks of priestcraft can only help to starve the hungry soul. Yes, when the human soul does hunger, nought but the inspiration of the Eternal can feed and fully satisfy.

God's love is free as air,
His inspiration free;
All men his love may share,
All men inspired may be.
As from above
Pour light and heat,
His proffers greet
With light and love.

MONITOR.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND FRIENDS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS A. S. SOCIETY:

DEAR FRIENDS—You do not need to be reminded that the season is approaching for holding the Annual Anti-Slavery Fair in this city. For fifteen years past, the anti-slavery women of the State and of the country, aided so effectually by the anti-slavery women of England, Scotland and Ireland, have nobly sustained and carried forward this work, and made it productive of most important aid, directly and indirectly, to the anti-slavery cause. It has been the chief fountain from which the slave's exhausted treasury has been replenished from year to year; it has furnished the means of diffusing information by tracts, of sustaining in part the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society—the Standard—and of sending out lecturing agents, eloquent and fearless, into all parts of the Northern States. Much has been undertaken, and much accomplished, through the instrumentality of this Fair. Though the whole amount of funds raised by its means, with all other contributions to the anti-slavery cause superadded, has been but as the small dust of the balance when compared with the sums which the mis-directed religious zeal of the community annually pours into Missionary treasuries, yet such has been the favor of God towards the work, that with these humble means, great and most astonishing results have been brought about. We have the greatest cause to labor on with new faith and redoubled zeal.

It has appeared to many of us, friends, that much more might be done to make the annual Fair effective than has ever yet been done, or even attempted. From different quarters, the suggestion has come to us, that a more united, general, and *organised* effort ought to be made this year, than ever has been made. If every abolitionist, every friend of the slave, and of his immediate elevation to the dignity and rights of a man, should feel it an imperative and indispensable duty to furnish a contribution to the Fair himself, and make it part of his (or her) anti-slavery duty to solicit contributions from every neighbor and friend who sympathizes with the sorrows and feels for the wrongs of the slave, the articles of the Fair would be vastly increased in extent, number, and variety, it would become a most desirable resort for the purchase of useful and necessary, as well as beautiful and ornamental articles, and the receipts in consequence would be proportionably enlarged.

We therefore submit to you, friends, a suggestion, and urge it upon your immediate and serious attention. Let a committee be forthwith raised in each town, where but a handful even of abolitionists may reside, whose duty it shall be to solicit contributions, in that town, of whatever articles, agricultural, mechanical, domestic, &c., it may be in the power of any one to contribute to the Anti-Slavery Fair. And if in any town there should be but one or two working abolitionists, let them constitute *themselves* such a committee, and go to the work without misgiving or gainsaying. When their work is completed, or nearly so, and articles have been promised or given, let the committee give notice of their doings, by letter, to some one of the Managers of the Fair, who will be named hereafter; or to the undersigned, who will forward all such intelligence. We hope to hear of the formation of great numbers of these Town Committees on the Fair. We pray you, friends of the slave, not to leave it to a comparatively few towns, scattered up and down in New England, and to a few individuals in those towns, to sustain alone the burden and labor of the annual Fair. Let us make a strong, a vigorous, a *united* effort, and we shall accomplish a work which shall cause the slave to leap up for joy, and give him hope that the day of his redemption draweth nigh.

The plan is simple and practical; the union of all true hearts and willing hands. Each one is to work, nor wait for his neighbor. It is humanity, duty, justice, God, which call us. Let the voice be heard in every part of our State, and of old New England. In every farm-house, and in every workshop, in the field and by the wayside, in public and in private, let the slave's cry come to us, even as it goes up continually before God. And so let us answer, as we would be answered ourselves.

Next week, we may publish one or more letters which we have received, or shall receive, from friends, on this subject.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

SAMUEL MAY, JR., *General Agent.*

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

In connexion with the appeal of the General Agent inserted in last week's paper and again to-day, we call attention to the following letter of an intelligent and devoted friend of the anti-slavery cause, resident in Plymouth County. His suggestions are excellent, and will commend themselves to our readers for their good sense. We hope to see them generally adopted in practice.—M.

S. ABINGTON, 1849.

FRIEND MAY,—I have long thought that much more might be done for the Anti-Slavery cause, through the National A. S. Bazaar, if a more vigorous and systematic course were pursued in the several towns. Suppose the Mass. Board, or Managers of the Bazaar, should appoint a committee of the most energetic abolitionists in each of the towns where any aid could be expected, to solicit donations of money, manufactured articles, farm produce, &c., and also to endeavor to form sewing circles, and if possible enlist the sympathy of woman more fully in the cause. It is believed that much may be done in this way, if properly pursued. Manufacturers of boots, shoes, carpet-tacks, hats, caps, cabinet wares, tin wares, wooden ware, &c. &c., might be induced to give some highly finished article of their manufacture, if for no other purpose than to show their skill or advertise their goods. Then again, traders may be solicited for materials, and money collected might in some instances be used in the purchase of articles for the sewing circle, and thus be increased in value by the operation. Indeed, I have known a few dollars so expended, double in value by a very little effort. Secretaries of County Societies could easily give the names of individuals in their several localities, and such persons could be appointed from the proper source.

If some such plan were adopted and carried forward in earnest, I think several hundred dollars might be forwarded from the different towns in this County, and probably an equal or larger amount from many others.

Trusting that no apology is needed for offering the above suggestions for your consideration,—knowing that your position and experience entitle you to judge of their utility,—I remain,

Very respectfully, &c.,
SAMUEL DYER.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The ANNUAL FAIR of the Weymouth and Braintree Anti-Slavery Society will be open on the evening of MONDAY, the 15th of October, in the Hall owned by the Engine Company, the use of which has been kindly granted for this occasion. The articles offered for sale will be more numerous and beautiful than ever before, and the variety so great as to suit all classes of purchasers.

The Fair will continue open through the week, and the Refreshment Table will be constantly supplied with *Tea, Coffee, Cakes, Fruit, Cold Meats, &c.* There will be MUSIC at the Hall every evening, and it is earnestly hoped that the friends of the cause in all the region round about will assist by their presence in the festivities of the occasion.

We shall give no formal Tea Party, but Tea and Coffee will be provided every evening from 6 until 10 o'clock, at the Hall.

On the evening of THURSDAY, the 18th, an Address will be delivered in the Universalist Meeting House, by WENDELL PHILLIPS; the meeting to commence at 7 o'clock.

From the friends of the cause, donations of Tea, Coffee, Milk, Cakes, Pies, &c., are earnestly solicited, or donations in money, which will be equally serviceable.

Articles for the Refreshment Table may be sent to the Engine Hall on the morning of the 15th, or left with any member of the Society. We call upon the community in which we reside for assistance in this effort, respectfully urging upon *all* the command—

☞ '*Remember those in bonds as bound with them.*'

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The British steamer Canada arrived at New York on Wednesday P. M., last week, having made the trip to and from Liverpool in less than thirty days, including all detentions!

The Commercial Advertiser's London correspondent, in reviewing the recent cruel act of Gen. Haynau, says that the hanging of the Bishop of Erlau was followed by the similar execution of sixty Hungarian ministers of the Gospel, who were charged with praying for the success of their country's cause.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

The latest accounts from Vienna extend to the 13th inst. inclusively, and bring the intelligence of the surrender of Peterwardein to the Imperial troops on the 5th inst. Part of the Magyars, headed by the commander, Kiss, desired to hold out, but the majority determined to offer no longer resistance.

Comorn had not surrendered, and large supplies of warlike stores had been forwarded to the Austrian troops, in order to undertake besieging operations. The garrison of Comorn was said to amount to 25,000 or 30,000 men, and to be well supplied with provisions, but in a completely undisciplined state. The terms of the Magyars are said to have been an amnesty for the whole garrison, passports for all those who might wish to leave the country, recognition of Kossuth's notes to the full value. To the common soldiers pay for ten days, and to officers for a month.

It was rumored at Vienna that Bem had fallen into the hands of the Russians in Wallachia.

Georgey passed through Vienna on the 11th, on his way to Styria. He was accompanied by his wife and physician, his escorts, and the Austrian Major Andrassy. He was still suffering from the wounds in the head which he received at Comorn.

According to the Vienna journals of the 13th, 80,000 men are to besiege Comorn under the orders of Generals Haynau and Nugent. The bombardment was to commence on that day. The Austrians had occupied a great part of the island of Schutte, without resistance, but part of the insurgents were in a strong entrenched camp before the fortress, and it was expected that a battle would take place there.

The Hungarian officers had been put to death at Arad, two at Temeswar, one by hanging; and the estates of two were confiscated.

Italy.—The Pope has quitted Gaeta, and has proceeded to Naples, where he has taken up his abode in Portico Palace. His reception at Naples was of the most striking and popular character. The Pope evinces no intention of returning to Rome at present, and thus far no real progress seems to have been made towards a satisfactory solution of the station question.

☞ The Queen of Naples has been delivered of a princess, who has been baptized by Pius IX. Her names number *thirty-two*, the first batch being—Maria della Grazia Pia.

RUSSIA.

In order to repair the losses sustained by the Russian troops in Hungary from cholera and the sword, the Emperor has ordered a fresh levy of recruits.

The Grand Duke of Rahad expired at Warsaw on the 9th. His remains have been embalmed, and will be carried to St. Petersburgh to be interred in the family vault of the Romanoffs.

The Emperor quitted Warsaw, for St. Petersburgh, on the 10th.

TURKEY.

The London Sun says: The Sultan has refused to deliver up the Hungarian refugees to Austria. Honor to Abdal Meshid—honor to the Turkish Ministry; they have nobly done their duty, and refused to become panders to the vindictive blood-thirstiness of Francis Joseph and of Nicholas.

The Russian ambassadors at the Porte demanded the extradition of the Hungarian officers Kossuth, Dembinski, Perczel, Messars, and their companions. A Russian General arrived at Constantinople on the 15th, on a special mission, namely, to bully the Sultan into a compliance with the demands of Austria. A counsel was held, and the Turkish Government resolved not to surrender the Hungarian refugees to either the Russian or the Austrian Government. On this decision being communicated to the Sultan, he declared that the refugees should not be given up, let the consequences be what they might. We trust that Lord Palmerston will do his duty as nobly as the Sultan has done his, and Russia and Austria will be given distinctly to understand that war with Turkey for such a cause means war with England.

We are rejoiced to find that Kossuth and his companions are furnished with passports from the English Ambassador, and we trust that every assistance and support will be rendered by England to the independence of his country against the attacks of Russia and her vassal Austria.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The insurrection in the island of Cephalonia has gained ground. Since the troops sent to quell it have not proved sufficient, the Lord High Commissioner proceeded there in person, and had a narrow escape with his life. A soldier was shot dead at his side. Martial law is in full vigor. Seven of the insurgents have been sentenced to death, and executed. A portion of the English squadron stationed at Malta, is under weigh for Cephalonia, and it is hoped that tranquillity will soon be established.

☞ The French ship Roland was totally lost on Criston Island, at Mazatlan, on the 26th of August. She had on board a large number of passengers, principally Americans, bound for California, a number of whom were drowned, and those who survived were left entirely destitute, having lost every thing.

☞ In Berks county, Pennsylvania, poor house, Frederick Stahl, a German, murdered his wife and daughter with a razor and hammer, and then took his own life. It is supposed that he was induced to commit the act by the hopeless condition of his wife, who was insane, and that of his daughter, long confined to her bed by lameness, and unable to utter a word.

Fires.—At Westchester, N. Y., the country residence of G. W. Hutchins, of the firm of Disbrow & Hutchins, of New York city, known as the Oakley place, was set on fire on the morning of Wednesday, and entirely consumed, with its costly furniture, valuable library, &c., the family, nine in number, barely escaping with their lives. The fiend-like incendiary had fired the building by lighting straw on the outside, so placed as to reach first the bed-room in which Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins were sleeping. Insurance, only $1500 on the property.

Dreadful Mortality.—On the 22d ult., the cholera broke out amongst the hands employed in cutting broom corn, on the farm of J. O. B. Rennick, near Lockbourne, above Circleville, Ohio. There were seventy hands employed, and in thirty hours from the time of the first attack, no less than thirty of the seventy were swept into the grave.

Immigrants at Boston.—The number of vessels that have brought passengers to the port of Boston, for the quarter ending Oct. 1st, is 336. The number of passengers landed, 13,869; whole number which arrived in the same months last year, 7,295; showing an increase of 6,574.

Poor Luckless Dogs.—The New York Commercial Advertiser says that three thousand five hundred and twenty dogs were killed this year in New York city, south of Forty-Second street, at an expense of $1760.

Clerical Quarrel.—The Transcript says that the Rev. Joy H. Fairchild, of the Payson Church, South Boston, has commenced an action in the Supreme Judicial Court against the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., of the Essex Street Church, in Boston, for libel and slander, laying the damages at $10,000.

Railroad Accident.—Two persons were killed on the Harlem Railroad, near Pleasantville, lately, by the engine being thrown off the track.

Cholera.—As the steamer Nile was recently passing up the Lakes with about 100 Swiss emigrants on board, the cholera broke out among them on Lake Huron in a very malignant form, and before the boat arrived at Chicago, eight had died, and were buried in the Lake. There were fifteen others lying sick, most of them in a collapsed state.

Reward.—Henry B. Stanton has been nominated as Democratic candidate for Senator for Yates, Seneca, and Tompkins counties, New York, a strong Democratic district.

☞ We regret to announce the death of Edgar A. Poe, the well known author. He died in Baltimore on the 7th inst.

☞ At Toledo, Ohio, night of September 27th, one hundred feet of the Grass Creek bridge were burned down.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., Oct. 5th.

A sad occurrence befel the passenger train, about a mile below this, last evening, by running upon a bullock, throwing the engine, tender and baggage car off the track, and killing a fireman.

NOTICE.

The *Green Plain* (*Ohio*) *Yearly Meeting of Friends*, who have adopted the Congregational order, will commence on seventh day, the 27th of the 10th mo., 1849. All persons who love the promotion of practical goodness will find a welcome in our councils. We meet not to lengthen the cords of sect, but to exercise our religious sentiment in the diffusion of principles that shall hasten the overthrow of oppression and violence in the land. Several distinguished strangers are expected to be present.

Selma, Clark Co., Ohio.

OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

A semi-monthly meeting of the Old Colony A. S. Society will be holden in the Universalist Church at Hanson, on Sunday, Oct. 14, 1849, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Samuel May, Jr. and Lucy Stone will be present on the occasion. Let us, one and all, continue yet to labor until that accursed system, American Slavery, shall be forever banished from our otherwise happy country.

BOURNE SPOONER, *Pres.*
H. H. BRIGHAM, *Sec.*

LUCY STONE,

An Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will lecture as follows:

Hanover,	Saturday,	October 13.
[Will attend the county meeting at Hanson, Sunday, Oct. 14.]		
South Abington,	Tuesday,	October 16.
Canton,	Thursday,	" 18.
Walpole,	Saturday,	" 20.
East Walpole,	Sunday,	" 21.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

☞ The annual meeting of the Boston Female A. S. Society will be held at the house of Mr. Joseph Southwick, No. 4 High street, on Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

As the last quarterly meeting was omitted, it is hoped that the members will be unusually prompt on this occasion.

SARAH H. SOUTHWICK, *Rec. Sec.*
Boston, Oct. 3, 1849.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

HENRY BOX BROWN and CHARLES STEARNS will hold anti-slavery meetings as follows:—

Norton,	Friday,	"	October 12.
Raynham,	Saturday,	"	" 13.
Bridgewater,	Sunday,	"	" 14.
North do.	Monday,	"	" 15.
Stoughton,	Tuesday,	"	" 16.
Canton,	Wednesday,	"	" 17.
Foxboro',	Thursday,	"	" 18.
Mansfield,	Friday,	"	" 19.

NOTICE. Communications for the undersigned should now be addressed to him at 21 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.

DIED—In Weymouth, Oct. 6th, Mrs. BETSEY LEACH, aged 78 years.

Rarely is the spirit of genuine Christianity more truly exemplified than in the life and character of this excellent woman. She exhibited her faith in the gospel not merely by the utterance of 'Lord, Lord,' but by doing the works that he has commanded. The abolition of slavery and intemperance, the downfall of the gallows, the relief and improvement of the prisoner, the removal of the spirit of sect and bigotry—these were objects dear to her heart; and for their furtherance she labored with a hopeful earnestness that neither age nor infirmity could abate. Her death, in strict correspondence with such a life, was marked with serene trust and tranquil resignation. All who knew her will lament her loss, for her intercourse with all was characterized by that kindly and unaffected benevolence that embraces in its extent all of every creed, condition and color. But by the Female Anti-Slavery Society in this place will her loss be especially deplored. For many years we have witnessed her self-denying labors, and sympathized with her earnest enthusiasm. May these hallowed remembrances stimulate our exertions, and in seasons of doubt or discouragement, may her 'patient continuance in well doing' be recollected, alike as an incentive and an example.

A. W. W.

Weymouth, Oct. 9.

Female Medical School,

BOSTON.

CONDUCTED by the American Medical Education Society; Enoch C. Rolfe, M. D., Lecturer. The third term of instruction in Midwifery will commence Nov. 1, 1849, and continue three months. Tuition, $25, in advance. Address or apply to the Secretary of the Society.

SAMUEL GREGORY,
Sept. 28 3t 25 Cornhill.

POETRY.

From the National Era.

SLAVERY IN CALIFORNIA.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Now rouse, ye foes of Tyranny!
Sons of the free, awake!
A mighty game is on the board,
The soul of man the stake!
In the streets of San Francisco
Human flesh and blood are sold;
And Slavery's hoof-print, deep and broad,
Is on the land of gold!

Since deep beneath the valley's green
Our sires were laid at rest,
Our banner's fold and eagle's wing
Have spread from East to West;
And, answering to the thunder
Of the dark Atlantic's roar,
The broad swell of the Western sea
Breaks on the Western shore.

And onward toward the setting sun
Pours still the human tide,
And the red man's race have fled before
The ruthless conqueror's stride;
Before the woodman's arm and axe
The forests pass away,
And the cornfields of the emigrant
Wave in the sun's bright ray.

They have crossed the glorious rivers,
Scaled the mountain's rocky wall,
And the dark ravines now echo
To the stern gold-hunter's call;
This day, from the far-distant camp,
Where late the panther trod,
The sons of brave New England
Call on their fathers' God.

And so fast the foot-marks gather
To-day upon that main,
That scarce the startled ocean
Can wash them out again;
But the arms which keep that broad land,
The banner there unfurled,
Shall lead on in shame or glory
Down the pathway of the world.

There shall the Yankee ploughman
Turn the furrow to the sky,
While the solemn psalms of Yankeedom
Wake the frightened wild wolf's cry;
There shall spring up the village,
With its steepled church and vane,
And the school-house by the roadside,
Stand mid fields of golden grain.

There shall be the city's crowded marts,
And throngs of busy men,
And the railroad train shall rush along
The now untrodden glen;
The dusty street shall stretch its line
Through yonder silent dell,
And the dark woods hear at peep of dawn
The factory's early bell.

Wilt thou bear it, O, New England,
That this goodly land be given
To the blighting of the slave-chain—
To the scorn of Earth and Heaven!
Shall the sun which o'er thy free-born
Sends his first morning ray,
Set on a land of bondmen
In a night which knows no day!

Shall the occupants of thrones break off
The fetters from the slave,
While the boasting sons of Liberty
Dig deeper Freedom's grave!
Shall Christian hands draw back the shades
On Slavery's passing night!
Shall Bethlehem's Star grow dim before
The Crescent's rising light!

New England never faltered,
Never brooked the spur or heel;
Ever met the hosts of Tyranny,
Arm to arm, and steel to steel;
And in this moral battle
She will stem the sweeping flood,
And show the wide world round her
She is worthy of her blood!

Hark! through the waving forest
The word is passing now,
And Kearsarge is calling
To Monadnock's lofty brow;
Through the White Hills of the North it rings,
Rocks the Green Mountain pine,
And the Canadian 's startled,
As it sweeps along the line!

And the blessed words of Freedom
From our fathers' graves shall thrill—
From the altars where they worshipped,
Battle plain and storied hill;
And the Press shall scatter coals of truth
Like autumn's forest leaves,
Till a People's indignation
Like the storm-lashed ocean heaves!

We will hem the hateful demon in,
Draw around him Freedom's lines,
And build a wall of fiercer fire
Around the crime of crimes!
And the land we love and honor
Shall her race of glory run,
And our harvest be the blessing
Of the myriads to come.

Salem, Mass, August 26, 1849.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD.

Great poets never die; their words are seeds,
Which, sheltered in the hearts of men, take root,
And grow and flourish into high-souled deeds—
The world's sustaining fruit.

No idle dreamers they, nor light their task,
Who, with a weapon simple as their song,
Defend the Right, and tear the lying mask
From the foul face of Wrong:

Who, 'neath the coarsest, foulest rags can see
Some glimpses of that never-dying spark
Which lights the front of frail humanity,
As stars illume the dark.

And such was he, whose spirit shot a ray
Of sunlight through the sad hearts of the poor;
The dawning of that brighter, better day,
No longer now obscure.

Patient in suffering, calm amid the strife
Of this bleak world, how patiently he wrought!
Weaving bright threads in the sad woof of life
With the great loom of thought!

The music of his words, falling on ears
Dulled with the droning of the work-shop wheel,
Hath robbed the humble toiler of his tears,
And taught him how to feel.

Fought he not bravely?—Answer, ye oppressed;
Fought he not wisely?—Let the future say:
The sun that sets in such a golden west
Heralds a golden day. R. C. CHILTON.

BROTHERHOOD.

I love, when in the living throng,
Each passer by to see;
For I deem the whole of human kind
Are brothers unto me.
Oh! could we count each man a brother,
We could not fight with one another.

Reformatory.

DOES GOD INFLICT DEATH UPON MEN?

LETTER III.

GENEVA, Ohio, July 18, 1849.

To WENDELL PHILLIPS, Boston:

DEAR WENDELL,—In my last, I assumed two positions: (1) That God works out his designs respecting man by the agency of fixed laws, and not by occasional direct inspirations, miracles or commands; (2) That these laws, when allowed to work out their designed results, would never produce pain and suffering to the bodies and souls of men. I believe these are as capable of proof as the law of gravitation. I also stated, that the great objection to anti-war, and the argument in favor of death, as a means of protection, is this:—God inflicts death as a penalty; therefore, man may do the same. Does God inflict death on men? If so, why? This question, it seems to me, is forced upon every opponent of war and death, and I see not how it can be avoided. Nor have I any wish to shun it. My answer is—God does not inflict death upon man, for any cause.

By death, I do not mean the transit from this state to another; a mere change in the mode of our existence. This is not necessarily death—it is rather life; a change from one stage and degree of life to another. You would not call the change from the acorn to the oak, nor from the caterpillar to the butterfly, death; it is life, purer, brighter, more elevated. So when, by the agency of the unobstructed laws under which he exists, man is carried onward and upward from this to a higher state, there is no death about it. I believe we shall all live in another state, and that human existence, once begun, never ends. If we would allow ourselves to be carried forward in our eternal progress, and through whatever changes await us, according to the intention of our Creator, there could be nothing in it which would deserve the name of death. The process would be pleasant and joyous to all concerned—to those who go, and to those who remain.

But by death, I mean what is generally understood by it; something that is accompanied with anguish and suffering, and from which nature shrinks. Death is a violation of those laws of life under which our human existence is placed; an outrage upon human nature; a crime to be repented of and forsaken, and not a necessity to which men are patiently to submit. I would not urge men to prepare for death; I would urge them to prepare for life. But a few years ago, within the memory of us both, the use of alcohol was a necessity to which men were to submit. So was slavery; and even now, the religion of this nation aims to enjoin submission upon slaveholders and slaves. But what *honest* friend of God or man would exhort men to submit to the dominion of alcohol or slavery, as a necessity that belongs to man's earthly being? I would as soon urge men to submit to drunkenness, to oppression, to falsehood and robbery, as to death. I do not wish to see men preparing to die, but to live. If men would prepare themselves for life, they need feel no concern about death.

Let men expend the money and talent now devoted to the destruction of their fellow-men, to discovering and renouncing the causes of death, and in due time there would be no death to be prepared for. In the future history of our race, it will sound as strange and monstrous to hear men talk of being prepared for death, as it is now to hear them talk of preparing for stealing and robbing. Simply because death, as above defined, will be considered an outrage upon human nature, as clearly as are robbery and piracy.

By the by, when that time comes,—as come it will, or those signs of the times are deceitful which tell of a world awaking to the study of the laws of health and life,—when men shall regard death as a violation of just law, and not a necessity of human condition, what will priests and politicians do to strengthen and perpetuate their power? Did you ever hear a prayer or a sermon in which preparation for death was not the principal motive? Death is the great argument to enforce the claims of religion as well as of government, and allegiance to church and state is sustained by the fear of death. Indeed, abolish death, (and if it is found to be a violation of law, as I am sure it will, it ought to be and will be abolished,) and the priests would not know what to pray and sermonize about; for, they being witnesses, it is no part of their profession to teach men how to live, how to fulfil their relations and obligations to one another, and how to have healthy souls in healthy bodies in this world. Their business is to prepare men to die, in a pious, resigned, and heavenly frame of mind. They may as well make it their trade to prepare men to perpetrate piracy and slavery cheerfully and piously.

If, then, death be a violation of just and rational law, men have no more right to inflict it on themselves or others, than they have to inflict drunkenness or slavery. They do wrong to prepare to inflict it, or to submit to it; every one should struggle against it, as we do against other crimes; and arouse themselves and others to find out and remove the causes of this outrage on God and man, as they do the sources of other wrongs. It is said that men must inflict death on men for murder, and other violations of natural law, because it is a Heaven-sanctioned custom: but how absurd to punish violations of life by a repetition of the offence! It may be man's wisdom, but it is not God's. God never punished any offence by repeating it! God never inflicted death on one man because he had inflicted it on others. Allowing death to be a violation of just natural laws, (and if it is not, it is no crime, and cannot justly be punished at all,) assuredly God would never violate his own laws because man had. And this is the precise point to which those must come who insist that God inflicts death as a penalty for crime. I kill a man; I have violated the just and fixed laws of life and society; to punish me, God perpetrates the same act upon me, and violates the same laws. It is a libel on his wisdom and justice to suppose that he ever did or can punish an offence by repeating it; a lie by lying, robbery by robbery, slaveholding by enslaving men, or man-killing by killing men.

What constitutes death an unnatural and revolting crime? Is it the fact, that it is a violation of just, natural law; an outrage on natural justice and equity? If so, then death must always be a crime, whether done by the hangman or warrior, with a death-warrant in his hand, or by the assassin with a stiletto. No matter whether it is said to be inflicted by God or man, it is equally a violation of natural law, and an outrage on justice and equity. But if the injustice and crime of death consist in the particular circumstances and motives under which it is inflicted, then it would be unjust and criminal whenever done under like circumstances, and from similar motives.

That death is a violation of natural law, when perpetrated by human agency, cannot reasonably be questioned; especially when that agency is exerted intentionally, and with a view to kill. No matter from what motives man thus inflicts death upon his brother, nor by whose supposed or real authority the deed of blood is done, it must be a violation of the laws of life and society under which we live. It cannot be otherwise while our present nature, relations and obligations remain. No matter by whose instigation man inflicts death upon his fellow-man; whether from his own or from that of another; whether from the instigation of man, or a supposed command from God; it must, of necessity, be a violation of every tie of love, justice, sympathy and brotherhood, that binds man to man. No matter in whose name the deed is done; the same results follow. It hardens and corrupts the moral nature of all concerned, and makes man the foe of man. The laws of our social nature can no more be violated with impunity than those of our physical nature. No being in the universe can justly order us to violate those laws, and then leave us to suffer the penalty. In all the cases in which it is said God required man to inflict death upon his brother, the executioners have been left to suffer the penalty; they have become objects of loathing or hatred to their fellow-beings; and often have been assaulted and slain in turn. This fact shows that a just God never required the infliction of death at the hand of man. God has written on the constitution of man the law, '*Thou shalt not kill.*' Did he ever require its violation? To suppose that he did, is to suppose him to be a capricious, merciless demon, rather than a God of justice and benevolence! Death, at the hand of man, is as clearly a violation of natural justice and equity as slavery; and a just and benevolent being could no more require one than the other. So that death, when inflicted by human agency, exerted with a view to kill, as in war, hanging, or murder, by one or by millions, cannot, with any justice, be fathered upon God.

But does not God inflict death upon men by disease? Death comes to men by cholera, plague, fever, consumption, and many painful diseases. It is said the hand of God is in this, and when disease enters, and death by disease, all the machinery of religion is brought to bear upon us, to bring us into a submissive state of mind to divine providence. But that God is the author of cholera, consumption, fevers, any more than of the poverty and delirium tremens that drunkenness produces, I do not believe. I cut my throat or blow out my brains, and am dead. Did God kill me? In the same sense that he kills men by disease. I strike a dagger to a man's heart, or give him poison. Does God kill him? As really as he kills by cholera or fever. But no one thinks of fathering death upon God in the first case; why should they in the latter? Death might be traced to human agency in one case as truly as in the other, with this difference: that in one case, it is intentionally exerted with a view to kill; in the other, it is ignorantly or carelessly put forth, and without any deadly design. When, therefore, death comes to man by disease, we should see in it, not the hand of God, but only the hand of men; as we do in drunkenness, or war, or slavery; and our great business should be, not to inspire men with devout submission, but to stir them up to stay the human agency that is thus filling the earth with disease and death.

Does God kill men by the elements? I walk the streets; lightning descends upon me, and I am dead. Did God send that thunderbolt on purpose to kill me? As truly as he ever sent a flood, a tempest, an earthquake, a volcano, or a famine, to kill men. Electricity is under the government of fixed laws; obedient to those laws, it descended in that spot, and I was there, and it killed me. Perhaps, too, I had that about me which drew it closer. I could not have been saved without a suspension of those laws. So of all convulsions of the elements. They are under the government of fixed and just laws, and come as blessings, and contribute to make the earth an abode of health and happiness, as truly as do the evening breeze and the morning dew, the vernal shower and summer sun. The tornado, the thunderbolt, the volcano, the flood, come on their wise and benevolent mission, each working out the designs of its Author, under the control of laws that are fixed and good; and man puts himself across their path, and is swept away by their resistless energy. What put that vessel across the tornado's track, that man under the falling tree? Who put St. Domingo in the way of the earthquake, or Pompeii and Herculaneum in the path of the volcanic fire? Who will say God put them there on purpose to destroy them? How is it possible for any man, who is acquainted with the laws that govern the phenomena of nature, to believe that God ever sent a flood, an earthquake, or tempest, on purpose to inflict death upon men? I can no more believe it, than I can believe that he helped Satan to raise a tempest on purpose to destroy the family of Job; or that he sent a gust of wind to overthrow a schooner—*without ballast*—on Lake Erie, the other Sunday, to drown three men, and frighten twenty more—because they launched the vessel on that day; or that he arrested the sun in its course to enable Joshua to slaughter the men, women and children of Ai, and then sent hailstones and a tempest to complete the destruction. Yet the ministers and religionists in this region—for the above-named schooner was built and launched in this town—sounded out the word, that God capsized it on purpose to kill and frighten the men, because they launched it on Sunday! So, last fall, in a neighboring county, a man went out to gather chestnuts, Sunday; climbed a tree, fell, and broke his neck. Word was sent around the region, that God broke that man's neck because he gathered nuts on Sunday. So, I heard of a slave who fled for liberty; dogs were on his track; he climbed a tree to avoid them, and fell and broke a leg, and was torn by the dogs; and the slave-hunters assured him that God broke his leg and tore his flesh to punish him for running away. So men make their God a scape-goat to bear away all the results of their ignorance, their carelessness, and their wickedness. God is generally adored as an Almighty CONVENIENCE by all who wish to perpetrate outrages upon themselves and others without blame. The priest, the politician, the slaveholder, the warrior, the sectarian, the patriot, the wholesale, governmental plunderers and murderers of the earth, aim to make all the capital they can out of what they call God; each to accomplish his own ends. This, then, is my conclusion:

The Being who made man never repeals, nor suspends, nor violates, the just laws under which he placed us. Death is a violation of those laws; therefore, God never inflicts death upon men as a penalty, or for any cause.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

From the Ohio A. S. Bugle.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

At the close of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, on the 31st of the 8th month, 1849, a large body of members, both men and women, remained in the house, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present condition and aspect of the Society in relation to the various humanitary reforms of the age, and consulting together in respect to the measures best adapted to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion. William Griffith and Sarah Coates were appointed Clerks. After a free expression of sentiment, the meeting united in the conclusion that it would be right to hold, during the present autumn, a conference of the friends of progress and reform, for a full and free discussion of the whole subject of religious organization, as connected with man's improvement and elevation. The undersigned were then appointed a committee to fix the time and place for holding such a conference, and to issue the necessary call for the same. In fulfilment of the purposes of our appointment, we now give notice that the conference will be held in Friends' brick meeting-house, near New Garden, Columbiana county, commencing on the 19th of the 10th month, 1849, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and continuing, if it shall be thought best, until the close of the First day following. The friends of religious freedom and progress, who are interested in the movement, are earnestly and affectionately invited, without distinction of sect or party, to attend.

NATHAN GALBREATH,	ELIZA HEACOCK,
OLIVER JOHNSON,	WM. BAILEY,
DANIEL BONSALL,	MARY F. THOMAS,
ESTHER HAYES,	SARAH COATES,
MARY GRIFFITH,	PIERCE GARRETSON,
WM. B. IRISH,	JANE PAXON,
JOEL MCMILLAN,	EDMUND K. SMITH,
SUSAN SMITH,	DAVID SCOFIELD,
ISAAC TRESCOTT,	MARIA SHAW,
ELI THOMAS,	ELLEN THOMAS.

☞ A fellow out west having been challenged lately to fight a duel, selected as his weapons two huge plates of green cucumbers, cut in slices, with vinegar, and a full dozen green apples to each plate, as a dessert. His choleric opponent backed out.

Miscellaneous.

LONDON, 6 Old Jewry, Aug. 31, 1849.

DEAR SIR:

I send you a circular from the committee appointed to raise an Italian Refugee Fund. The circular was written by one of the distinguished names amongst those on the list which heads it. Can any thing be done in America to aid its objects?

It would seem to me that those objects would be as dear to Americans as to Englishmen. It is a world-wide question. The efforts made by those on whose behalf the committee issue the appeal were efforts worthy of the cause in which they were made—the rational liberty and equal rights of man—and have won for those who made them a world-wide reverence; If any thing occurs to you that can serve this great and good cause, I pray of you to do it.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. ASHURST.

W. L. GARRISON.

ITALIAN REFUGEE FUND.

The generosity and love of justice which distinguish the English people among all the nations of the earth, are appealed to, on behalf of the Italian refugees in England, under circumstances unparalleled in history.

The exiles, to a generous relief of whose distresses the English heart is sought to be awakened, were engaged in the defence of Rome. They are the good citizens who, when Rome was abandoned by her Monarch and Executive, answered to the general voice, and arose to give her law, tranquillity, and order; who built upon the ruins of a monstrous system which had fallen of its own rottenness and corruption, one of moderation and truth; who established and maintained a Government, administered under the pressure of great difficulties, with a veneration for the sacred rights of life, liberty and property, new in Rome—administered with an honesty, forbearance, and singleness of purpose, that won the respect of dispassionate observers, of all principles and parties. They are the soldiers who defended that Government against the united arms of bigotry and despotism, and defended it successfully. They are the brave besieged who held Rome with a courage and devotion worthy of her ancient glories, but with the magnanimity and clemency of Christian men. They are the dignified capitulators, who, when all means of defence were utterly exhausted, opened her gates to a foreign army forty thousand strong, assembled round them by an act of such stupendous baseness, that it will remain an ineffaceable stain upon the honor and the name of the French Government, through all the coming ages of the world.

It is not the only sorrow of the Italian exiles, that a noble cause is, for the time being, lost. Proscribed, and driven from their watch over the beautiful country of their birth and their affections, they seek a refuge here in England, almost the only free land where they may set foot. And if their claim on our hospitality and sympathy needs any strengthening, it must not be forgotten that one representative of the English nation has been found, in the person of Mr. More O'Ferral, Governor of Malta, who, having received with open arms the Jesuits and friends of absolutism, did not think it shame to cast these wanderers forth from that inhospitable shore, as if the ships that bore them were infected with the plague.

Hunted by their and the world's enemies; forlorn and penniless, reduced to indigence, bereft of almost all that makes life dear, and bringing nothing from the wreck beyond the Mediterranean Sea but Hope in the eternal might of the principles they have upheld; the Committee named above appeals in their behalf to Englishmen for present help. That they may not die of want, where they have found a home; that their noble spirits may not sink into despair; that they may connect with this free country, in their future, be it what it may, such associations as such men should connect with it, and ever love and honor it with grateful hearts, as worthy of its freedom and its high renown; the Committee issue this address, earnestly soliciting subscriptions for their aid.

The funds raised are proposed to be applied to the relief of the more immediate and urgent wants of the exiles, to the provision of the means of enabling them to reach other countries as they may desire, and generally to their assistance and protection. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by any of the members of the Committee, or by the Honorary Secretaries, SIDNEY MILNES HAWKES and JAMES STANSFELD, Esqrs., Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London; or may be paid to the following bankers: Messrs. SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITHS, 1 Lombard st.; and Messrs. COUTTS, Strand.

AN APPALLING SKETCH.

Mr. Duffy, the editor of the 'Nation' newspaper of Dublin, gives the following frightful picture of the sufferings of the Irish:

'No words printed in a newspaper, or elsewhere, will give any man who has not seen it a conception of the fallen condition of the west and south. The famine and landlords have actually created a new race in Ireland. I have seen on the streets of Galway crowds of creatures more debased than the Yahoos of Swift—creatures having only a distant and hideous resemblance to human beings. Grey-headed old men whose hideous faces had hardened into a settled leer of mendicancy, simeous and semi-human; and women filthier and more frightful than the harpies, who, at the jingle of a coin on the pavement, swarm in myriads from unseen places, struggling, screaming, shrieking for their prey, like some monstrous and unclean animals.

In Westport, the sight of the priest on the street gathered an entire pauper population, thick as a village market, swarming round him for relief. Beggar children, beggar adults, beggars in white hairs, girls with faces grey and shrivelled, the grave stamped upon them in a decree which could not be recalled; women with the more touching and tragical aspect of lingering shame and self-respect not yet effaced; and, among these terrible realities, imposture shaking in pretended fits to add the last touch of horrible grotesqueness to the picture! I have seen these accursed sights, and they are burnt into my memory forever.'

ABDUCTION.

On the first page will be found a brief paragraph, containing the material facts respecting the recent abduction from Chester Co., Pa., of a colored man named Mitchell. The following is a more complete account of that diabolical outrage, from the N. Y. Tribune:

Mitchell lived in Pennsylvania, as a free man, at least ten or twelve years,—and, all the time, within some eighteen miles of the residence of his alleged owner. He has a wife and one child. From these he was torn, at the still hour of night, the brutal abductors presenting a pistol, loaded with *three* balls, at the breast of his wife. This they left behind them, in the hurry prompted by their conscious guilt, to tell its own tale. The cap was found to have been exploded, when it was picked up. They also left in the house a log of wood, with which they had battered down the outer door, and doubtless intended to use on the chamber door, if necessary. They dragged the poor man from his bed in the rudest manner, his shoulder becoming dislocated in the scuffle, and remaining so until some time after his arrival in this city. They gave him no time to get more than his shirt and pants, and then taunted his employer for not giving better clothing. For all this they had no legal warrant, even from Maryland, while proceeding in the face of the laws of Pennsylvania—I need not say, in the most brutal disregard of the laws of humanity—humanity, did I say? What care such bloodhounds for humanity!

All this, be it remembered, was done under the authority of the U. S. Constitution, as expounded by the Supreme Court; and Pennsylvania has no means to redress the outrage upon her sovereignty, and no power to rescue the kidnapped fugitive! And yet men, claiming to be conscientious, will swear to support a Constitution which authorizes the perpetration of such deeds of villany on every foot of American soil!—*Ohio Anti-Slavery Bugle.*

☞ The progress of democracy in Jamaica is illustrated by the fact, that in the new Assembly there are twelve members who are colored men, ten being mulattoes and two blacks. They take a very active part in the proceedings, and one of them is quite an orator. This is the work of the Liberals; but the other party, forced by necessity, were also beginning to covet the colored influence, which is far too powerful to be resisted.

It is not often that we find an editorial article in the New York Herald that is worth copying; but here is one that is full of pertinent rebuke and merited sarcasm, and 'fits like a glove.'

AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The annual meeting, last week, at Pittsfield, of this convention, is worthy of notice, in connection with the labors of the disciples in foreign parts. The Rev. Theodore Frelinghuysen presided, the same of whom it was sung in 1844, by the glee clubs—

'Git out of the way, the country's risin
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.'

The same who thanked the citizens of New York for his election, one day in advance of the news from Cayuga bridge. Failing in converting the Locofocos to the true Whig church, it appears that Father Frelinghuysen has since pretty much confined his attention to the 'outside barbarians,' extending his researches even to the Celestial Empire. On the evening of the 13th, addressing the Board, the reverend gentleman thus discourses:—

'Again, it is said God's time has not yet come. The work of the world's conversion is God's, and in his own good time he will perfect it. Our time is to-day. God is always ready. He is ever ready to hear our prayers. As a motive for us to engage in the work of the world's conversion, Christ has assured us of his Almighty power, and permitted us to take hold of his omnipotent arm. When He has said, "Lo I am with you always," it is strange that any should ever despond.'

Governor Briggs was also present, and joined the brethren in their enthusiasm for the cause, the ultimate object, of course, being the collection of more money. Now, what are the facts? What have been the taxes upon the churches for the support of foreign missions? How many millions have been collected for the heathen, and how many souls have been saved? The tree is known by its fruit. What are its fruits?

The Pittsfield Board of Missions has collected from its flocks an aggregate of $300,000, and the last year's report gives a deficiency of $30,000. The money has gone to the Sandwich Islands, to South America, and the Hindoos, and the Lord knows where — many of the missionaries have died, and that is the last we hear of it. The English missions for India have expended, in the last twenty years, for the conversion of the Hindoos, a million of pounds sterling. And what is the result? By deaths and casualties, by the climate or by the heathen, the disciples have perished: and it would seem that the sum total of their labors, from a review published some years ago, was nineteen converts, thirteen of whom had gone back to paganism, five were preparing to back out, and there was but one solitary man left, who could not be insured over a month. The fact is, the Christian's bayonet has been too busy with the heathen, and they distrust the Christian's cross. What said the Peruvian chief to Pizarro? 'You slaughter my children—you steal their lands—you rob their temples, and we cannot believe in your cross.'

There is a great deal of poetry and romance and sentiment, and all that, in sending out missionaries to the heathen, and but little of practical usefulness. Millions of money are collected from poor and other suffering people at home—thousands of miles are traversed by the missionaries to teach the poor ignorant pagans particular systems of an unknown faith, and particular forms of prayer, while their real wants are neglected. The societies themselves, however, appropriate too large a part of the funds, we suspect, in good salaries, and good fat perquisites, while their zealous followers are bled to the last dollar for donations for the heathen—the real heathen being the extortionate collectors of the money.

While Christian nations continue to rob and plunder the poor pagans, they cannot be expected to place much faith in the Christian missionary—while missionary cash continues to be expended in good living for the stomachs of the societies at home, not much can be done for the souls of the heathen abroad. The first principle of Christianity is honesty. No rogue can expect to get to the land of Canaan, and until we shall teach the heathen by our example, that Christian nations are not a set of rogues, we shall fail, utterly fail, of colonizing the New Jerusalem with Hottentots. Let us pray.

PATENT DEMOCRACY.

The old line Democrats of Massachusetts held their State Convention at Springfield on the 21st ult. —The active, moving genius in the convention seems to have been Mr. Hallett, of Boston. He presented the resolutions, (long-winded and prosy,) and his speech (two hours long) in their defence was all that the non-intervention, pro-slavery sentiment of the convention could desire. It appears, however, that there were a few members of the convention disposed to be a little *rurious*—not fully prepared to follow in the wake of one who had so long been 'whirled through the political firmament.' They had probably caught some of the fire kindled in the 'Heart of the Commonwealth' the week previous, and it could not be smothered, as will appear from the following sketch of the proceedings:—

Mr. Judd, of Reading, moved to amend the resolutions, by striking out that portion which declared that the extension of slavery would not be made a national issue. He supported his motion with a few animated remarks, in which he contended that the Democracy should carry out in practice what it enunciated as truth. He was followed by Mr. Chamberlin, of Cambridge, and Mr. Josselyn, of Lynn, in earnest and manly speeches in favor of the amendment. A few persons—perhaps twenty—cheered their remarks. Their efforts were powerless. Mr. Hallett replied, and in the course of his remarks denounced the motion, as prompted by the spirit of abolitionism. Mr. Judd replied to Mr. Hallett with spirit, and told him that he had 'whirled through the political firmament, and found himself here.' This hit was received with a perfect storm of hisses by the faithful, and it was some time before Mr. Judd was allowed to proceed.

Mr. Hallett again took the floor, admitted that he had changed his views in the course of his life. Turning with a bitter and contemptuous sneer to Mr. Judd, he said, that 'for the benefit of that young man, he would tell him that wise men often change their minds, fools never.' This was received with thunders of applause by the Convention.

He then went on to say, that the strength of the Democracy was in the South—that the Democrats of the free States never had had a majority since the days of John Adams—that the Whig policy had its main support in the free States, and that the salvation of the Democracy depended upon preserving the union with the South. He deprecated side issues and local questions—said the Democracy had not been able to lift a finger for the Democratic candidate since 1804, and that they should not attempt to dictate to the party. He had said that those who wished to go farther than the resolutions on the slavery question 'could not walk in the same path with the Democracy,'—and he then solemnly declared, that, if he stood alone, he would stand upon the old platform of the party. His speech was cheered—the motion was lost, not more than twenty members voting for it.

MILITARY MUSTERS. One of the first acts of the next Legislature should be to repeal the law providing for an Annual Muster of our volunteer Militia, and their encampment out for two days. Every such encampment this Summer has been the occasion of an untold amount of dissipation, gambling, and kindred vices and crimes. And, as an offset to these things, what good thing can be said of these parades? That they tend directly and powerfully to breaches of the peace, to violence and crime, is perfectly apparent; but do they tend to prepare men for war? If they do, they should be condemned; but this special end—the military discipline of the troops—is not worth the straw that is required to bed down the troops for one night. This annual parade is simply a grand frolic at the expense of the State,—not wholly, however, at the expense of the State, for they cost, besides time and money, a vast sacrifice of health and morals to multitudes who attend them. They are, in short, unmitigated nuisances, which ought to be abated forthwith.—*Boston Traveller.*

Great Cave.—Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, made a report, at the recent Scientific Convention in that city, respecting the discovery of a new cave in Kentucky. The cave was discovered a few weeks ago, about twelve miles distant from the celebrated Mammoth Cave, and a few miles from Bowling Green, at the mouth of Green River. The discoverer, Mr. S. G. Stevenson, at the latter place, states that he had penetrated five miles, where the cave was still extending, and it is more than probable that it will prove the largest cave known.

The Great Remedy of the Age.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S

ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA,

A PREPARATION of extraordinary power, for the cure of Scrofulous Affections, Humors of every description, secondary Syphilis, ill-conditioned Ulcers, Fever or Mercurial Sores, chronic Liver and Kidney Diseases, Costiveness, spitting of Blood, Erysipelas, general Debility common to Females, Cold Feet, sluggish Circulation, &c. A *sure* and *certain* cure for Scrofulous Tumors on the neck, which it will never fail to remove, if taken according to directions, and faithfully persevered in.

The proprietors, after testing the virtues of this great medicine for upwards of three years in an extensive practice, and with unbounded success, now offer it to the public. In diseases of the skin arising from impure circulation, it is a *sovereign remedy*. It will assuredly eradicate any kind of humor from the system, if the directions are strictly adhered to. We challenge the world to produce its equal. Any one doubting its efficacy can satisfy themselves that it is a powerful instrumentality in the cure of disease, by consulting Dr. Clark's patients, in and about the city, who have taken it, and can testify to its healing powers. A great many have given it a trial, and we know not yet of a single person who has not derived either temporary or permanent benefit from its use.

The following was handed us, and we insert it for the consideration of others who may be similarly afflicted. The gentleman may be seen at his residence, 7 1-2 Elliot st.

BOSTON, April 27, 1849.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—A little more than a year ago, I was taken with spitting blood, pain in my side and shoulder, and strong symptoms of consumption. I sought the advice of two eminent physicians of this city, who sounded my lungs, and pronounced them badly affected, or very weak. They advised me to go into the country, as a change of air might be beneficial to me. I did so, but with little hope of returning alive. While there, I was taken worse than ever. A physician was called to see me. He examined my lungs, and said he could give me no encouragement—said I might live till Fall, but probably no longer. My city physicians, previous to my leaving for the country, said I should never get well. But I was induced to try Dr. Clark, who gave me the Anti-Scrofulous Panacea, and after taking it a few months, my health was restored, and now I am able to attend to my business. I think your Panacea a medicine of great efficacy. I speak from experience. RALPH HOBART.

MORE TESTIMONY IN FAVOR OF DRS. CLARK & PORTER'S ANTI-SCROFULOUS PANACEA.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Panacea for Salt Rheum, not only on myself, but on others, and I have been surprised at its results. It is, in my opinion, the most efficient anti-humor medicine ever discovered. My humor has entirely disappeared on my hands, and I am now entirely WELL.

MARTIN HASKINS, M. D.

BOSTON.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I have tested the power of your Panacea in the case of my little boy, whose face and arms have been entirely covered several months with a very bad humor, and I am happy to say it has effected a radical cure. In my opinion, it is the best medicine for humors ever got up.

LAWSON HOUGHTON.

MESSRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN—I would cheerfully recommend your Panacea as the most powerful medicine to my knowledge now before the public for the cure of scrofula and other humors. It has certainly effected an important cure in the case of my child, who has for some time been afflicted with a humor. I would advise all who have humors to make a trial of it. It needs no puffing; it recommends itself.

Hingham, June, 1849. DARIUS EDDY.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Anti-Scrofulous Panacea for swellings on my boy's neck, and to my surprise, they have entirely disappeared. I consider the medicine infallible for scrofula and other humors, and think it should be circulated all over the world.

NELSON RICE.

BOSTON, May, 1849.

DRS. CLARK & PORTER:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been afflicted for a number of months with a scrofulous humor on my face and neck. I tried several kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. A friend recommended your Panacea, which I tried, and by using two bottles, I am nearly cured. I would advise every one afflicted with humors to take it, for I think it a most excellent medicine.

A. D. PARMENTER.

BOSTON, May 23, 1849.

☞ Sold at No. 80 Carver street, Boston. Price $1 per bottle.

AGENTS.

SAMUEL E. KENDALL, Nos. 4 and 14, under the old State House, head of State street, Boston.

DAVID MEAD, Jr., corner Union and Silsbee sts., Lynn.

SYLVANUS DODGE, South Danvers.

H. A. POTTER, Danvers New Mill's.

DR. HENRY W. WILLIAMS

HAS removed to No. 10 ESSEX STREET, Boston, where he will continue to give particular attention to DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Medical and Surgical Office,

No 3 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON,

WHERE all diseases affecting the human system are treated on eclectic principles. All systems of medicine contain invaluable truths—but no one system comprehends all. We labor to accumulate from each and all those truths, which have borne the test of practical experiment. We refuse to be circumscribed, or limited, knowing that all that is divine is progressive. We therefore gather our information of disease and treatment from all sources, and use all the remedies which the Creator has provided for the cure of human infirmity.

Our treatment is chiefly confined to CHRONIC and OBSTINATE cases which have arrested all the ordinary remedies, as Lung, Liver, Stomach and Uterine complaints—Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Abscesses, Fistulas, Piles, Worms, Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Spinal Affections, Catarrh, Diseases of the Eyes, Ears, Throat, and every other part of the body, internally and externally.

Examinations made, and advice given in all cases, WITHOUT CHARGE.

JAMES MCALLISTER & CO., Proprietors.

☞ Office No. 3 Bromfield street, Boston, and No. 127 Chambers street, New York.

June 8

CLOTHING!

NEW STORE,

No. 107, : : : : : *Cambridge Street.*

LEWIS HAYDEN,

WHO, it will be remembered, was formerly a slave in Kentucky, has opened the above Store, and keeps a good assortment of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

of superior quality. He trusts that all will lend him a helping hand, for it will be his constant endeavor to keep for sale a *good* and *cheap* article on hand, both at wholesale and retail.

He has also a good assortment of little Knick Knacks, such as are generally kept in a variety store, so that he is enabled to accommodate all his friends who may feel disposed to give him a call. And he thinks that it would not be inappropriate here to return his sincere and heartfelt thanks to those who have rendered him assistance since his arrival here; and he trusts that, although he may not be able to reward them, yet that Being who knows the hearts of all men, will render unto them their just reward.

Boston, July 13 tf.

Autobiography of Henry C. Wright.

HUMAN LIFE: Illustrated in my individual Experience as a Child, a Youth, and a Man. By Henry Clarke Wright. 'There is properly no history; only biography.'—R. W. Emerson. Price $1 00. Just published, and for sale by

BELA MARSH,
25 Cornhill.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery office, 21 Cornhill. Price 12 1-2 cents—twelve copies for $1.

HOME FOR REFORMERS.

THE subscriber having removed to that neat, convenient, and central boarding-house, No. 2 1-2 Central Court, will be most happy to welcome some of the Friends of Reform at reasonable charges. He wishes his house to be the central place in Boston, where the friends of Temperance, Peace, Purity, Freedom, the Prisoner, &c. may meet together, and enjoy a comfortable and happy home.

JOHN M. SPEAR.